WHAT'S HAPPENED TO IKE?

The Reporter

October 28, 1952 25c

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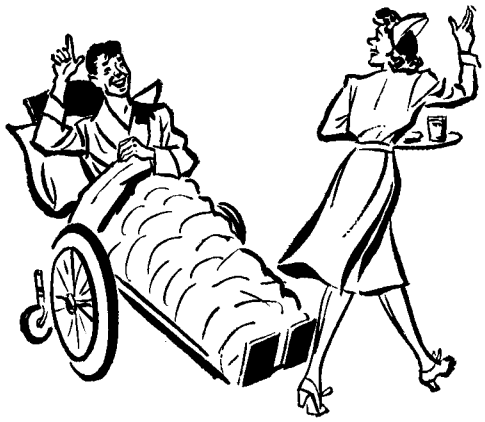
"SEE YOU AT THE POLLS!"



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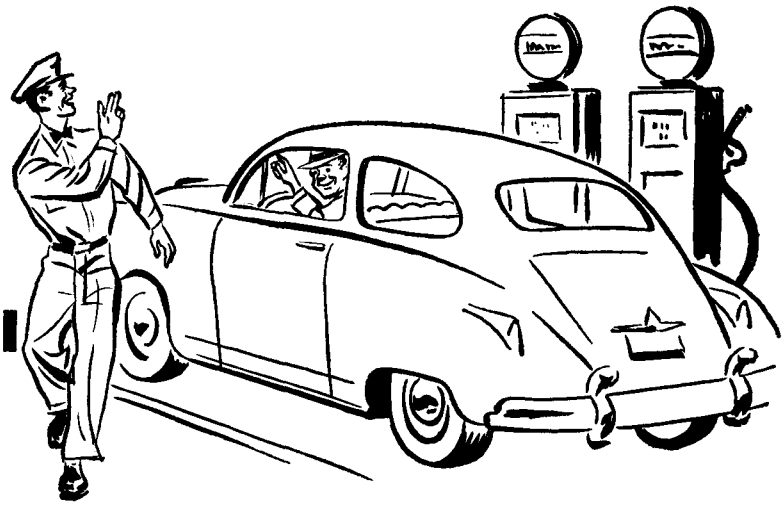

Nobody knows for sure how it started—this line about "See you at the Polls!" we're hearing all over these days.

Best explanation seems to be that it came from that state candidate out west. . . . His opponent in a debate got all riled up and challenged him to fight it out in the alley.

But he said—"I'll settle this the AMERICAN way—I'll see you at the polls!" And the audience picked up the chant.

Now everybody's saying it—and on Nov. 4 everybody will be *doing* it!

"SEE YOU AT THE POLLS!"

"SEE YOU AT THE POLLS!"

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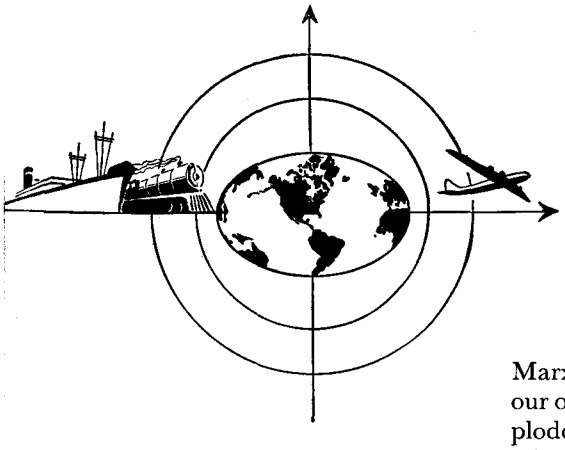

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Rewarding Homework

As our readers have certainly noticed, we are quite concerned about this election—or perhaps we should say obsessed. The idea that perhaps we are worrying too much came to us as a dispensation from Joseph Stalin, via the New York *Times*.

That full page plus two half columns of the New York *Times*, carrying excerpts from Stalin's statement of policy, looked frighteningly like a page of *Pravda*, with the Generalissimo's picture four times as large as those of Marx, Lenin, and Engels. Prompted by our obligation to our readers, we started plodding through Stalin's prose. With all modesty, we think we understood it. The Generalissimo is quite impressed with the success of the Marshall Plan in Europe. Indeed, he thinks that its success will be our undoing, because we have so strengthened France and Britain that they will inevitably make war on us.

We found Stalin's pronouncement extraordinarily soothing, for no matter how great the Russians' strength may be, what good will it do them if their leaders are so dumb? We thought also that no matter who wins the election, no matter how poor our leadership may be, the Russians won't understand anything anyway. Who in the world could have a thought like this latest one of Stalin's—except possibly Senator Jenner?

And here we started thinking of Jenner again, of his hand on Eisenhower's shoulder, and we plunged right back into our electoral worries.

The Kennan Case

The rudeness exhibited by the men in the Kremlin in showing our Ambassador the door calls our attention once again to this most perplexing, most gifted of our diplomats, George Kennan. We were quite critical of his book, *American Diplomacy 1900-1950*, when

EISENHOWER THEN . . .

Denver, June 23, 1952: "There must be no wavering in our support for the North Atlantic Alliance. Even those who blindly opposed its launching admit that it has stopped the spread of communism in Europe and the Mediterranean. Our security agreements with other American countries and the peoples of Asia and the Pacific must be similarly supported."

Washington, February 1, 1951: "And let me here say, gentlemen, that unless this assumption is correct, I am out of place: We are not attempting to build a force that has any aggressive, any belligerent intent. We are concerned only with one thing. In a world in which the power of military might is still too much respected we are going to build for ourselves a secure wall of peace, of security."

Paris, April 2, 1952: "The measure of [the Marshall Plan's] contribution to the well-being and stability of Europe could be fully appreciated only by one who had seen the situation there before and after."

Rocquencourt, France, January 22, 1952: "The fact is that China went Communist, and that is the thing we talk about."

. . . AND NOW

Kansas City, August 21, 1952: "If there is anyone here who has any clear idea of what the Government has been trying to do in the past ten years, stated in their own words, beyond this term of mere containment of communism, I should like for him to enlighten me because I have been serving pretty intimately in this thing and I do not know what the big broad aspiration is."

New York, August 25, 1952: "We can never rest—and we must so inform the world, including the Kremlin—that until the enslaved nations of the world have in the fullness of freedom the right to choose their own path, that then, and then only, can we say that there is a possible way of living peacefully and permanently with communism in the world."

Indianapolis, September 9, 1952: "Communism cannot be thwarted by a hastily built wall here or an emergency dike there."

Philadelphia, September 4, 1952: "We are in that war because the Administration abandoned China to the Communists."

. . . AND IN THE SAME SPEECH

Champaign, Ill., October 2, 1952: "We must, for our own safety, lead the world to a collective security that can defy communism confidently and without war."

Champaign, Ill., October 2, 1952: "If there must be a war there, let it be Asians against Asians, with our support on the side of freedom."

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it was published a year ago. But a few months later when we saw that the theorist of containment had become one of the chief scapegoats for the Luce magazines, we felt inclined to reconsider our criticism. For this we claim no credit; no matter how much we may differ from Mr. Kennan on some points of philosophy or diplomacy, we feel close to him when he becomes the target of irresponsible attack.

But now again Mr. Kennan puzzles us. There is not a shade of a doubt in our mind that what he told reporters about the grim life of western diplomats in Moscow is absolutely true, and we rather suspect that Mr. Kennan understated his point. But why did he make it at all, why did he tell the truth to the newspapermen instead of saying "No comment"?

In his book he made the case for a realistic American diplomacy: ". . . it will mean the emergence of a new attitude among us toward many things outside our borders that are irritating and unpleasant today—an attitude more like that of the doctor toward those physical phenomena in the human body that are neither pleasing nor fortunate—an attitude of detachment and soberness and readiness to reserve judgment."

Obviously, having been exposed to life inside the Soviet border, Kennan found it so irritating and unpleasant that his professional detachment vanished, and as soon as he was back on free soil he had to let off steam.

Perhaps the trouble with Mr. Kennan, as with many of us, is that in this era of merciless specialization he tries to be several things at once: philosopher, diplomat, and man-who-tells-it-all. Unfortunately, it just can't be done, even by such a gifted man as Mr. Kennan. We must also add that it was a rather poor idea on the part of our State Department to send him to Moscow—particularly since the Kennan theories on containment and on the new diplomacy had become so widely known. Obviously, the Russians will some day accept the fact of containment, but we can't ask them to like it. They had to make life miserable for the man who was supposed to have invented the idea of containment, and they succeeded.

It would be presumptuous to suggest what Mr. Kennan should do next. We are sure that he and the Department will find the best possible use for his talents, which the country badly needs. We suggest that he has to choose between being a philosopher, a diplomat, and a man-who-tells-it-all.

PUBLIC ENEMY

WANTED: a man, small, sixty-three,
a genius,
Actor, director, anarchist, buffoon;
DANGEROUS: armed with scorn for
society;
CHARGED: with possessing illegal
weapons of mirth
And shaking the world with
laughter.
PENALTY if convicted: Shame
For us.

—SEC

GRAVY TRAIN

People are dumb,
People are dumb,
Promise 'em peace and kingdom
come.

People are dopes,
People are dopes,
Play on their peeves, play on their
hopes.

Make 'em feel mad,
Make 'em feel mad,
Everything's lousy, everything's bad.

Make 'em afraid,
Make 'em afraid,
Show 'em they're dupes, tricked and
betrayed.

Then if they bite,
Then if they bite,
You will have fools to fight your
fight.

—SEC

The Trouble with the Press

What our leading newspapers fail to report about this election could fill libraries. This comes, of course, partly from the fact that the overwhelming majority of newspapers and periodicals are lined up on the Republican side. But we suspect that there are other and perhaps deeper reasons, related to the growing obsolescence of the established methods of reporting and commenting on the news. These methods are utterly inadequate in coping with the most up-to-date political techniques of producing prefabricated and precolored "news."

Let's take the case of the recent Senatorial primaries in Wisconsin. Our readers will find in this issue of *The Reporter* an article showing how thoroughly the public was misinformed by the press; how there was not any large-scale crossing of party lines, with Democrats voting for McCarthy; how artificially and maliciously the expectations of a possible McCarthy defeat were created. The junior Senator from Wisconsin, of course, was almost certainly not unaware that the news about his primary contest was distorted from beginning to end.

Or let's take the case of the not-yet-forgotten battle of the special funds. Leaving aside entirely the accuracy of his accounting, Senator Nixon has dramatized a new system of political representation, whereby the voters give only a nominal mandate to their elected officials, but the means necessary to carry out the mandate are provided by special interests.

As far as we know, there haven't been many comments on this original new system of representation that authorizes every member of Congress to have a double constituency. Our press limited itself to describing Senator Nixon's speech and the success it achieved. A great New York daily, however, said this on its editorial page: "The Air Is Cleared."

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CORRESPONDENCE

REACTIONS TO THE CHANGE IN OUR EDITORIAL POLICY

To the Editor: "We have now reached the conclusion that Adlai Stevenson, not Dwight Eisenhower, is the candidate *The Reporter* must support" (*The Reporter,* September 30) is the vital statement that I was giving you until October to utter.

GREELEY RAY RIGGS
Austin, Texas

To the Editor: I did not sleep well last night. I have been disillusioned. The "Fortnightly of Facts and Ideas" which I have been reading religiously for several years and in which I have placed implicit confidence is edited and published, I now discover, by a man who, by my standards, is unethical, unscrupulous, unprincipled, unmoral, and unfaithful. Your entire staff is invited to my home to witness the burning of my back issues of *The Reporter.*

H. A. GUSTIN
Glen Ellyn, Illinois

To the Editor: Your switch to Stevenson is most pleasing. I too used to like Ike. I too got over it.

WALTER B. PITKIN
Los Altos, California

To the Editor: I am sorry to learn that *The Reporter* must support Stevenson. Your reasons for condemning Ike were rather small. Let's hope that in the next month you will change your mind. It isn't fair to take every word a man utters and use it against him. Could you stand this scrutiny? Look at the over-all picture and there is only one answer: Ike is the man for the job. I am enjoying my subscription to *The Reporter.*

MRS. GORDON KINDY
San Diego, California

To the Editor: Many of us who once thought we could support Eisenhower have found him to be a man who covers only generalities in his speeches. He evades offering any solution to the serious problems which confront us in economics and foreign policies. Stevenson, on the other hand, has a logical solution to all these problems and he gives the impression that he is going to fight to make these solutions a reality.

FRANK E. SMITH
New Orleans

To the Editor: Your statement that you must support Mr. Stevenson did not take me, for one, very much by surprise. After reading some of your recent editorials, I had already come to the conclusion that you would come to that conclusion. Because it seems to me that a vote for Mr. Stevenson is tantamount to a vote of confidence in the Democratic Administration, it's difficult for me to understand how anyone who is interested in seeing this country operated on a sound, clean, and honest basis could vote Democratic after seeing what has been going on in Washington.

It seems to me that the moral fiber of the people of this country has been very definitely weakened by the example of the so-called "big shots" in Washington. The attitude of everybody today seems to be to approve of smart and clever tricks that help to put money into their pockets. There are a lot of things that I resent about Mr. Truman and his policies, but because I pay fairly substantial income taxes myself and pay them honestly, I resent most of all the idea that some other guys can have a few tax liabilities canceled out because they happen to speak to the right person. I am willing to pay my share of the freight but I want everybody else to pay their share too, and it's certainly difficult for me to understand how any intelligent person today can believe sincerely that the policies of the Democratic Administration have not been harmful.

These personal opinions don't keep me from enjoying your magazine, however, and of course, the great part about America is that every man is entitled to his own opinion.

G. HENRY DAVIS
Avon, Connecticut

To the Editor: I want to write you and congratulate you upon your shift from Ike to Adlai. As a former Attorney General of the State of North Dakota, elected on the Republican ballot with the endorsement of the Nonpartisan League, I am a member of the North Dakota Volunteer Committee for the election of Stevenson and Sparkman.

As a liberal, I have no choice but to support Stevenson, and my main reason for doing so is the fact that Adlai had the courage not to surrender to Governor Shivers on the Tidelands Oil controversy.

WALLACE E. WARNER
Grand Forks, North Dakota

To the Editor: Your liberalism has been reaffirmed. The truth has made you free.

HENRY TANG
Phoenix, Arizona

To the Editor: Now that you have come out in the open at last, and are endorsing the Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States, you have shown yourself clearly for what you are. You don't expect real Americans to be influenced by your decision, do you? I for one am not.

As one of America's school teachers, I will not give a vote to a man who represents a political party that has lost respect, at home and abroad, for the wonderful country that is ours. We need a leader that we can uphold with pride to the youth of our nation. The man who fits that role is General Dwight D. Eisenhower and no other.

It is evident that you have no interest in the future of the young people of our land and their deep need in that future for the basic goodness that should exist in all people, including those who go forth and attempt to be leaders. May your common sense be revitalized before November 4.

Yours for an America for which we must make no apology to our young people.

EVELYN M. POZZO
Belleville, New Jersey

To the Editor: I hoped originally that Ike would be able to educate and unite the people of the United States in this campaign. This nation by and large accepts the concept of the "service state" and commitments to the "free world." Given this, it needs as President a person able to bring together diverse groups and get them to compromise their individual interests within the larger interest of the majority. Ike has failed in this assignment. Instead of leading his party, he has surrendered to it. The only compromise he has achieved so far was not for the larger good of the nation, but for sheer political expediency.

Stevenson, on the other hand, is educating the American public in this campaign. His public addresses have revealed him to be a man who perceives, understands, and has some kind of answer. He has the ability to state ideas and facts to a public that requires and deserves intelligent explanations.

LINFORD D. RILEY, JR.
Yerrington, Nevada

To the Editor: It gives me great pleasure to be able to congratulate you and your editorial staff for being one of the first of the national organs to switch support from Eisenhower to Stevenson. Many others who have seen, heard, and understood the many logical reasons in favor of Stevenson for President—notably among them the New York *Times*—have not had the courage to say honestly (in effect): "When we supported Eisenhower, we did so with the understanding that he would be able to lead this nation as well as he has led NATO. We thought then that he was the best, in fact the only, man adequate for the job. We did not then know what he would turn out to be like. We also had no assurance that Stevenson could or would be nominated. Now that he has been nominated, and now that we find him far superior to Eisenhower, we have decided to support him instead."

NATHAN S. TAYLOR
New York City

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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in this issue . . .

Above the cheers at the railroad stations other noises have been increasingly audible: the voices of the professional "antis," yelling for political blood regardless of national responsibilities; the voice of a military man who seems to be inverting his Clausewitz to read, "Politics is the continuation of war by other means"; the voices of the nimble opportunists whose gyrations would be amusing were these men not in such positions of power; and finally, the most ominous voice of all: that of the tough guy who continues to get undeserved attention and deference simply because the rude sounds he makes are so loud.

Joseph C. Harsch is a special correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*. . . . **Robert E. Kennedy** is chief editorial writer of the Chicago *Sun-Times*. . . . **Lindsay Rogers** is a member of the Department of Public Law and Government at Columbia University. . . . **James G. March** lived in Wisconsin for fifteen years before starting graduate work at Yale University. . . . **Isaac Deutscher** wrote *Stalin: A Political Biography*. . . . **Theodore Draper,** historian and journalist, has returned from a trip to the Middle East for *The Reporter*. . . . **Warner Bloomberg, Jr.,** Development Supervisor for the Union Education Center at the University of Chicago is active in PAC and in the Democratic Party at the precinct and county level. . . . **Oliver La Farge,** writer and anthropologist, is an authority on the American Indian. . . . **William H. Hessler** is on the staff of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. . . . **Madeleine Chapsal,** a young French essayist, has appeared in *The Reporter* before. . . . **Eric Larrabee** is an editor of *Harper's* magazine. . . . Cover by **Aurelius Battaglia.**

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MAX ASCOLI

The Rebel Yell

IN THIS CAMPAIGN, what meets the eye hides a momentous fact. What meets the eye is a tough Presidential contest rolling along on schedule. The momentous fact is the great "anti" movement now on the rampage. It has completely engulfed the Republican Party and its leaders; it is as blind and as carried along by its own weight as a force of nature. Few if any citizens have been spared its massive impact. Some let themselves be carried along happily, cherishing the prospect of still-uncharted but radical changes in American politics. Some clamber from one political side to the other, against their inclination or their expectation. Some—quite a number at this stage of the campaign—have felt the great shock but do not yet know what has happened and are still tortured, for they have to vote and do not yet know how.

This "anti" thing has been building up for quite a while. Several times, since our postwar conflict with Communism began, the country has been swept by waves of restlessness. That was the case, for instance, when MacArthur returned. The air was so tense and thick in those days that anything seemed to be about to happen, and probably anything could have happened if, on the Korean battlefields, Ridgway's soldiers had not stood their ground. But then, after his speech to Congress, MacArthur's hard, unmalleable ego did not lend itself to the remolding skill of friendly public-relations manipulators. He proved to be the kind of man who can lead a cause only on his own terms and in his own style; and so what would have been the MacArthur revolt quickly petered out.

There have been other men in America in these last few years much nimbler than MacArthur in riding the wave of popular emotions, men who know how to set rolling more and more emotional waves. Their technique is simplicity itself: It consists in making symbols fraught with infinite uncheckable implications out of the proven instances of betrayal or corruption among government officials. If there are not enough of these instances, the names of people whose guilt has never been proved —or in some cases, thinkable—can be made into symbols of universal, unlimited wrongdoing. This can be done even to George Marshall. It is the technique of the etcetera: By putting that magic sign "etc." after the names of a few men who, guilty or not, have become pet targets, large masses of Americans can be roused to anger and the reputation of any man in high office can be blackened.

The Merging Revolts

The anarchists of the Right, the past masters of the "etc." technique, had mouthpieces but not leaders up to the time when the campaign for the Presidential nomination started in the Republican Party. It turned out a bitter, ruthless struggle, for all the "anti" factions—anti-Administration, anti-foreign involvement, anti-taxes—had found a man, Senator Taft, who willingly accepted their backing. Against him stood Eisenhower, who alone, in the opinion of a large number of citizens, could do the job of exorcising the evil forces of the professional, global haters, of chasing the anarchists of the Right from the Republican Party. It was within his power to revamp the Republican Party, just as Franklin Roosevelt revamped the Democratic Party, in 1932.

The things that have taken place since Eisenhower's victory in Chicago are still somewhat incredible. There had been so much talk before the Convention about the great Texas steal at Mineral Wells, but who could have imagined that the Eisenhower faction, after having triumphed at Chicago, could let its victory be stolen? Who could ever have conceived that Eisenhower, the man who could revamp and cleanse the Republican Party, would go along, probably believing that it was still his party and that he was its leader?

Actually, it is difficult if not impossible to rec-

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ognize what used to be the G.O.P. in this loose, surging "anti" movement. There is no way of knowing its leaders or its aims. The mass is rolling along, carrying in its course a large number of men and women of unimpeachable integrity and patriotism, together with demagogues—and worse.

We all know, of course, how far what Wendell Willkie called "campaign oratory" can go. We also know that every party has its extreme wings that balance each other, for at the center the party leader can make use of the opposite pressures, and steer his course. But the case of what used to be called the G.O.P. is quite different, for it has seldom happened that in the middle of a campaign the position of leadership is vacated.

It is hard indeed to find precedents for something as tragic as what is taking place today before our own eyes, as Eisenhower campaigns: the unwinding of a leadership in which the nation had put so much trust. The General, of course, may well be elected; but he has already proven that far from being able to control the factions in his party, he can only echo, one after the other, their conflicting rancors. Who then, in case of Democratic defeat, will run the nation? Taft—or that emerging arbiter of Republicanism, Nixon? The isolationists or the liberators of the satellite peoples? The meat-ax economizers, or the preventive warriors, or those who think that by locking up enough Communists at home we can both lick Stalin and halve our taxes?

Off With Their Heads!

The great "anti" movement is aimed particularly at anything that has to do with reason or with the mind. Indeed, for some people, "intellectual" and "un-American" have become interchangeable words. The General himself, it is said, has come to realize that the more "visceral" he makes his appeal to the voters, the better it gets across. This word "visceral" is getting quite popular. According to Webster, in its literal sense it applies to all the internal organs of the body, including the heart, but figuratively, Webster says, its meaning is restricted to the bowels or to the emotions. Unquestionably, the G.O.P. is more interested in the voters' bowels than in their hearts. The more "visceral" the Republican campaign becomes, the lower its level sinks. The General himself has no quiver in his voice when he makes the Administration solely responsible for the fall of China and says that our country has become the "prey of fearmongers, quack doctors, and barefaced looters." He, who was the embodiment of national unity, is heartened when he hears the howl of the "rebel yell" down South. Indeed, it is rebellion that holds together the G.O.P. ranks, at least until after Election Day—rebellion against foreign wars and taxes, but above all against the craftsmen of intelligence and reason, particularly if they use "aristocratic language with a Harvard accent."

The rebellion is now in full swing. It gained its full strength when Eisenhower let victory slip out of his hands. It now forces quite a large number of Americans to think and think fast: The situation is ugly and the remedy must be found without delay.

One Party

One of the first conclusions to be drawn is that our two-party system has been badly shaken, for there is only one party left that can administer the country and lead it. This is a very disconcerting fact, for a very large number of people were convinced that a change in the party in power was long overdue. Now these very people must grudgingly, reluctantly reach the conclusion that there is only one party left for which they can vote—that party whose perpetuation in office made them most apprehensive.

Eisenhower still is the major protagonist of this campaign—a tragic protagonist. The only man who can lick Ike, we said immediately after his nomination, is Ike himself. That is what he is doing now—with the co-operation of Stevenson.

Among the many unforeseeable things that have happened during this campaign, the emergence of Stevenson as the man fit to lead the nation is certainly one of the most astonishing. While the opposite camp is swept away by its demagogy, Stevenson shows an extraordinary courage simply by insisting on talking sense. In all his speeches his learning and experience, which are remarkable, are couched in terms of human wisdom. This infuriates his opponents, who, quite honestly, have come to consider plain, sensible language as preposterous highbrow intellectualism. This man Stevenson must be insane, they think, for he talks coherently even while running for President—and in this campaign! Actually, Stevenson shows his mettle and his capacity as a leader by standing his ground, absolutely determined not to be swept away by demagogy or provocation.

He has an unshakable belief in the decency of the American people, in their capacity to recognize what is right and what is wrong. He does not address himself to the bowels or to the emotions of the voters; he does not talk above or below the people's heads: he addresses himself to the whole man, to the whole nation. Even when he is told that his wisdom these days sounds like metaphysics, he sticks to his wisdom.

He proves his statesmanship now by campaigning as a statesman, and he asks for the confidence of the American people by showing his confidence in them.

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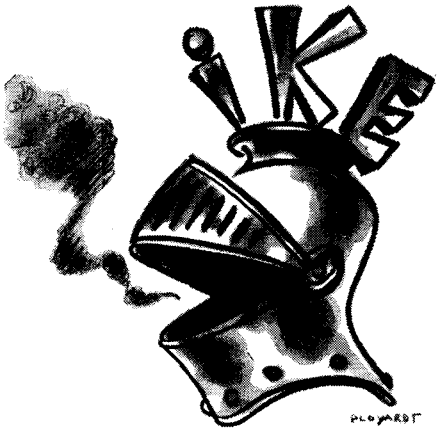
What's Happened To Ike?



JOSEPH C. HARSCH

BETWEEN the sunny spring day when General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower boarded his plane in Paris for a plunge into American politics and the latest whistle stop of the Republican candidate's special train, Ike has said or done a number of things which have caused many to look around with puzzlement and ask, "What's happened to Ike?"

It started in many people's minds with the first speech in Abilene. It picked up when Ike shifted his course on tidelands oil on learning that the Supreme Court had differed with his earlier position. It became a buzz across the country when he had his peace conference with Senator Taft in New York. Since then the question "What's happened to Ike?" has probably been asked at least as often as "What is the real explanation of flying saucers?" It is the No. 1 mystery of the campaign.

To some extent this was inevitable. Few Americans knew Dwight David Eisenhower closely and intimately, and most of those who did were his personal friends in the Army. But everyone else seemed to think that he or she knew all about Ike.

The American people in the early spring of 1952 were looking for a new leader on whom to fix their hopes. Each voter had a clear sense of what he wanted. Large numbers identified Ike with their own desires. But the hope images conjured up by individuals were not all identical. Nor did they derive from intimate acquaintance with, or personal knowledge of, the man Eisenhower. Ike was not one legend; he was a myriad of legends. He also had to become a political personality.

The political personality began to emerge at Abilene, and it has been emerging ever since.

But that isn't the whole of the matter. Disappointment to many was unavoidable, but not the plain bafflement so widely present behind the question. The least common denominator of all the hopes was for a man who would provide leadership, if not for all the people, then certainly for a lot more of them than just the Taftians. He wasn't expected to know all the answers in that area where he had had least experience—domestic politics—but he was expected to make up for inexperience by fair-mindedness and integrity in all areas, and by decisiveness in the foreign-policy area of his experience.

Right Face?

Yet in domestic politics he has tended increasingly to become a partisan politician, and in foreign policy he has still, at this writing, to provide inspiring leadership for all the people. The figure that emerged in June has not yet attained definition as a positive personality with a clear sense of direction. On the contrary, it has progressively lost definition and direction. Why?

There are many tentative answers. The most frequent one proffered is that General Eisenhower turned toward the right when he made his peace with Senator Taft. If Ike turned right at the time of his breakfast on Morningside Heights with the man he had defeated so recently in the bruising political battle of Chicago, then there is the further question "Why?" There have been some tentative answers to this question. It is alleged that the Eisenhower campaign was being starved out by the Taft wing of the party, which controls the financial wellsprings.

This may or may not be true. It is already the object of journalistic inquiries which may some day disclose the full story. But in this reporter's opinion, while the search may produce interesting results, these results must be irrelevant to the main question, because the evidence is too strong that Ike did not take what could actually be called a decisive turn to the right.

If the pact, compromise, deal, or whatever you prefer to call it, with Taft was a turn to the right, then how does one explain the pledge to the AFL to amend the Taft-Hartley Act so that it may not be used as an instrument to break a labor union? If there is any one single consistent right-wing purpose in political America, it is certainly to stanch and reverse the flow of power toward organized labor; and such a purpose could hardly be achieved if the Federal government were to give up the power to break a labor union. Ike didn't succeed in his AFL speech in gaining the endorsement of labor leaders. But he certainly went far enough in labor's direction to raise some doubts as to what his "turn to the right" meant.

Further, no candidate who had decided to accept a real right-wing political point of view would have offered

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the farmers guaranteed food prices at one hundred per cent parity. It may not be "leftish" to promise the farmers more than they ever seriously asked for, but it certainly isn't "rightish" either, since the philosophical essence of American political rightism is economic individual self-reliance, and there is no trace of individual self-reliance in the idea of trying to guarantee to farmers that their prices shall never go down.

To the Rear, March?

No, there is no convincing body of evidence to justify the theory that Ike suddenly turned right, either when he asked Taft's advice or eight weeks later when the Senator from Ohio finally gave that advice. There is only evidence that he paid some price, the amount not fully known, for the support of the Taft wing of the party in the campaign. That could mean concessions to the Right, but making a concession to a point of view does not necessarily mean conversion to that point of view.

Further, a rightward turn would not be possible unless there had previously been a fixed position from which to turn. There is no real evidence that Ike ever occupied a fixed political position other than an abiding faith in the soundness of the American system into which he was born and knew in Abilene, Kansas, as a boy. He has exhibited a nostalgic yearning to regain the society he grew up in, but he has not exhibited a fixed political position in the America of 1952. Thus there is no real evidence of any turn either from or to anything specific.

But if there has been no conversion to something new or different, then why is Ike's behavior as a candidate baffling, surprising, and disappointing to so many people? The search for the answer begins, I think, with an examination of the more important positions he has taken during his campaign. They have a single common factor. In each case he overplayed his hand.

Too Much, Too Soon?

Going for one hundred per cent parity for the farmers was overplaying. The bid for the farm vote was so high that it didn't carry conviction. The farmers simply didn't believe he could mean it. The implications were horrifying to others. If farmers were to be guaranteed against any fall in prices, the

principle would eventually have to be applied to others. The end would be an economic system under which everyone would be guaranteed an absolute floor under prices, which would, of course, be the total end of a free economy. Ike just couldn't mean that.

The offer to free labor from the power of the government to break a union was also overplaying. The government possesses the power to break a corporation. That power is both explicit and implicit in the antitrust laws. If unions were to be exempted from the doctrine of the superior power of the state, then in all equity corporations should also be released from the liability under which they operate. If both were released, then the Federal government would cease to be the supreme power in the land. The Federal government must have the power to break any organization within the state which threatens to injure the general public interest—whether it be a corporation or a labor union—or the government might as well give up altogether. Governor Stevenson did not offer organized labor as much as Ike did, but the labor leaders still preferred Stevenson because what he did offer carried more conviction. Ike couldn't any more deliver what he promised labor than what he promised the farmers.

On tidelands oil Ike first took his stand in favor of Texas all the way. Then on learning about the Supreme Court decision he went back the whole distance the other way. He could have taken a less drastic position in the first place. His reversal could easily have been less complete. There is nothing unusual, immoral, or unprecedented about disagreeing with a Supreme Court decision. The Court frequently disagrees within itself.

Ike got into trouble in the same way over liberation of Iron Curtain countries. He let the impression go abroad that he favored encouraging the people in the satellite countries to rise in rebellion against their masters. That laid him open at once to the charge either of being ready to put the decision of war for the United States into the hands of eastern Europeans or of being willing to see those people sacrifice themselves in useless self-destruction. Again he overplayed the hand.

He shocked most experts on foreign policy when he called the French atheists. He might have expressed dissatisfaction with the French contribution toward self-defense without speaking of Frenchmen's relationships with God. It has been done a thousand times, and with much justification. But when he brought atheism into the equation, he went too far for anyone who knows and cares about France.

Ike led with his chin again when he assigned the Korean War exclusively to the diplomats. When he was Chief of Staff of the Army, the military Departments recommended withdrawal from Korea over the opposition of the State Department. There is a case against our diplomats on the matter of Korea, but the case against the soldiers is just as strong, perhaps stronger. To assign all the blame to the diplomats was to take unjustified liberties with the record, and again to overplay.

Capitulation to the Defeated?

As to the meeting with Taft, the real essence of the matter was not that Ike conferred with Taft but that he handled himself in such a way that the meeting looked like a capitulation to Taft. There was no need of any capitulation, nor indeed was there any real capitulation. Ike held the stronger position. Taft had already pledged himself to support the Eisenhower campaign. Yet on the surface it appeared that Ike had surrendered to his defeated rival.

What lies behind this consistent tendency to overplay? Friends of the General advance one explanation. They argue that to him the greatest good is unity and harmony, that he listens at-

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tentively to any advice which promises unity and harmony, and that he has accepted advice supposedly designed to unify and harmonize the Republican Party. This would explain everything he has done to attempt to unify the Republican Party. It would explain the meeting with Taft, the "crusade" against corruption, the tolerance of Jenner and McCarthy. But it does not explain his actions in matters that have nothing to do with inner Republican Party harmony. And if harmony is the greatest good, why doesn't he campaign for national harmony rather than just for internal Republican harmony?

Dig In and Hold?

The fact is that Eisenhower has not been campaigning for national harmony. He was nominated on the assumption that he would exert enormous attraction upon independent voters and even upon many Democrats, but he has neglected these areas of potential support in his campaign. The votes toward which his campaign has been primarily directed has been the block of Republican votes. He has acted as though he accepted the Taft theory that there are enough Republicans to win the election if they can only be drawn from their presumed lethargy.

Part of the explanation of all this is undoubtedly to be found in the kind of advice Ike has been receiving. The weight of advice coming to him has changed since his nomination. Before Chicago he came closer to people's expectations. Before Chicago he did not indulge in personalities; he was more the man of good will; he appeared to be trying to appeal to all Americans, not just to Republican Americans. Since Chicago he has become vastly more of a partisan. It would almost seem as though he confused the ante- and post-Chicago periods. It is almost as though he ran for the election before Chicago and is running for the Republican nomination now. Plainly, after Chicago the Taft professionals of the party got to him with their brand of advice and were largely deferred to.

But again this is not the whole explanation. It may explain matters of degree and emphasis and the turn in tactics since Chicago; it does not explain the tendency to overplay. There is only one explanation that seems to make sense on this score. Ike is a man trained to war. In war—the kind of war Eisenhower waged, the total and ideological war of modern times—there is a natural tendency to identify the opponent with all evil and one's own side with all virtue. There is a natural tendency to seek the total destruction of the opponent. And there is a tendency to reach for a sledge hammer even when a rapier is sufficient.

Ike seems to have forgotten his Clausewitz. If "War is . . . the continuation of politics by other means," the methods—and verbiage—of warfare surely have no place in a domestic political conflict. Clausewitz would have shunned any "crusade," and would never have designated a struggle between political parties thus.

It is a tenable thesis, therefore, that what puzzles so many people about the candidate of the election campaign is really the fact that Ike has not yet learned to distinguish between war and a domestic political contest. He has declared a crusade against his opponents. He talks more and more as though Democrats were synonymous with evil, and Republicans with virtue.

However, the object in politics is not the annihilation of the enemy but the attraction of a maximum number of potential votes from the opponents' camp. And the end purpose is not government by and for the victors but government in the interest of the general community. Democratic wars, fought by civilians and not by professional soldiers, frequently turn out to be crusades. Unless there is sufficient

moral difference between your cause and the opponents' to justify the label of crusade, there is not sufficient justification for war. But to use the concept of the crusade in domestic politics is to turn a political contest into a civil war.

This was not the role foreseen for Ike by most of those people who helped to summon him from overseas. The Taftians wanted a crusade. But it wasn't the Taftians who called him from Paris. It was rather men of the middle who were weary of the long civil strife between New Dealers and Taftians, both of whom have tended to regard themselves as crusaders against each other.

When in Doubt, Attack

Ike had a glimpse of his expected role before he came home. His report on his year at SHAPE looked forward to the day when ". . . it will become progressively more difficult for self-seeking individuals to delay our progress by exploiting internal national divisions . . ." Even after he came home he called himself "a man of the middle," and he talked of selecting what was best from both the New Deal and the anti-New Deal political schools. He did not come home a crusader for the Republican Party and against the Democrats. He came home a man who regarded himself as a potential healer of wounds incurred during the long battle over the New Deal here at home. Slowly at first, but then very fast, he cast off the role and became first and foremost a partisan Republican, buying much of what had become orthodox Republican doctrine.

Ike came home and became leader

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of a partisan army. He developed a case of that disease most common to soldiers, a case of "localitis." He saw the election campaign as a war against Democrats, rather than as a political contest designed primarily to win Democrats over to the Republican side of the domestic field.

In doing all this Ike has undoubtedly given some wry satisfaction to the Taft wing of his own party. At least he is waging the campaign to the best of his ability as they had wanted it waged, although he cannot do it as well as they could have. But he has puzzled many others because this wasn't the role foreseen for him by the anti-Taft Republicans, by the independents, or by the disgruntled Democrats who had all combined to bring him back. Ike, being a soldier, was easily pulled into the role of leader of an army in a domestic civil war and out of the role of the great conciliator of domestic differences which had originally been cast for him.

Something did happen to him after Chicago in that he was subjected to the influence of the Taftians, and proceeded to accept their advice to a surprising and unexpected degree.

Perhaps this should not have come as a surprise to anyone. Ike has been a soldier for forty years. The tendency to overplay a hand showed up long ago. When Ike landed in North Africa he embraced Admiral Darlan with an unnecessary extravagance. His brother Milton had to go out and explain to him that while Darlan was useful, Darlan also needed to be treated with restraint. There is much evidence that with a similar lack of restraint, Ike has gone too far in many directions. He has gone so far as to become a leader of Taftian partisans rather than a leader of the whole nation. Those who expected Dwight Eisenhower to be the man who would lead them out of their wilderness of twenty years of internal strife have been disappointed. Understandably, Adlai Stevenson has moved as far as possible into the role originally cast for Ike.

The Legislative Lives Of Senator Dirksen

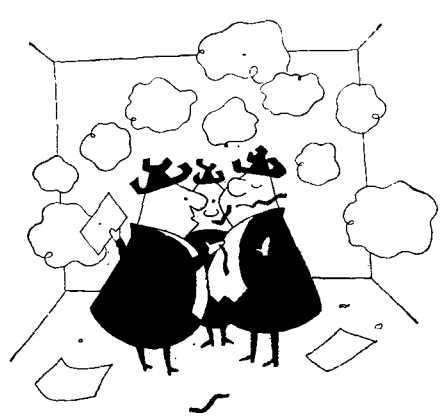
ROBERT E. KENNEDY

SENATOR Everett McKinley Dirksen is a charming conversationalist. He can discourse with ease and at great length on subjects ranging from agriculture to Yalta, from aid to Europe to whiskey. The Illinois Republican throws himself so wholeheartedly into whatever task he takes up and his capacity for absorbing facts so impresses the people he works with that he has won praise from both Republicans and Democrats, isolationists and internationalists, New Dealers and Old Guardsmen. It should be quickly added that Dirksen has never held the high opinions of these diverse groups simultaneously. Dirksen's talents are directed in only one direction at a time, but he has changed directions more times, perhaps, than any other member of Congress.

At this moment, Dirksen is associated in the public's mind with the Chicago *Tribune*-McCarthy-Jenner Midwest alliance, mainly because of his extraordinary performance on television during the Republican Convention. Dirksen was the man who, in his speech nominating Senator Robert A. Taft, covered the latter with unctuous praise while at the same time flinging bitter obloquy at Governor Thomas E. Dewey.

When Dirksen shouted, "We followed you before and you took us down the road to defeat!" at Dewey from the rostrum, there were probably quite a few in the audience besides Dewey who remembered Dirksen's warm admiration for the New York Governor in 1948.

Dirksen was one of the first Taftites to show up at Denver after the Convention and make his peace with General Eisenhower. Most Illinoisans were not surprised that Dirksen was an early visitor to Ike's headquarters, since he has never found it difficult to switch from one foreign-policy extreme to the other. He has been an outstanding isolationist, an ardent internationalist, and then an isolationist again. Between these major swings he has made minor oscillations from side to side.



Record of an Oscillationist

The official reason for Dirksen's visit to Denver was his chairmanship of the Republican Senatorial Committee, which is charged with making friends and influencing contributors to help elect Republican candidates for the United States Senate. He had been given the job months before, when many people thought that Senator Taft would be the Republican nominee.

Dirksen next showed up in the news when he was denounced as "one of the most irresponsible men in the Senate and in his own party" by the Reverend R. P. Graebel, a minister of the Presbyterian Church at Springfield, Illinois, which Dirksen attends when he is in the

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Illinois capital. This stirred up a vigorous controversy over the use of the pulpit for political purposes, but it also served to remind the public that Dirksen himself is the son of a minister, a fact that he likes to work into his extemporaneous speeches, especially at church socials in Illinois' downstate Bible Belt.

Dr. Graebel's description of Dirksen inspired the Chicago *Tribune* to an unusual rebuttal. The *Tribune* dug through its clips and found words of extravagant praise for Dirksen from four Democrats—Representative John W. McCormack, that party's leader in the House; Representative Clarence Cannon, the man who advised Speaker Rayburn on parliamentary procedure at the recent Democratic Convention; Representative Philip J. Philbin of Massachusetts; and Senator Estes Kefauver.

McCormack voiced "great admiration." Cannon said Dirksen's retirement from the House would be a "loss to Congress and to the country." Philbin called Dirksen a "giant figure." Kefauver described him as "a truly great American and top-notch statesman."

The statements were made on the occasion of Dirksen's retirement from the House in 1948 after sixteen years as a Representative of a central Illinois district. The *Tribune*, in quoting them, didn't bother to explain that the Democratic praise for Dirksen came at a time when he was the fair-haired boy of the internationalist group and was in courageous opposition (for an Illinois Republican politician) to the *Tribune's* editorial policy.

1948 was, of course, the year that Dirksen climbed aboard the Dewey bandwagon. So confident was Dirksen that Dewey was destined to be the next President that he retired from Congress, citing eye trouble as his reason for not running for re-election. Within a few weeks after his retirement, he was hard at work in Albany.

The switch from being a worker at Dewey headquarters in 1948 to being Senator Taft's Illinois campaign manager in 1952 involved a complete change of convictions on foreign affairs, but Dirksen had often previously displayed his knack for changing political roles with the ease of a jukebox changing records.

Consistent Inconsistency

Since his election to the Senate in 1950, Dirksen has followed the *Tribune* line, but in his eight terms in the House, he vacillated between standpat isolationism and internationalism a total of sixty-two times. He changed his mind thirty-one times in matters relating to national military preparations and shifted a total of seventy times on issues dealing with agriculture.

Dirksen's consistent inconsistency dates from his very first days in Congress. He was one of the few Republicans who survived the Roosevelt revolution of 1932. That year, Illinois elected eight Republican and nineteen Democratic Representatives. (Today there are eight Democrats and eighteen Republicans.) Dirksen was thirty-seven years old, and had spent his entire life in Pekin, Illinois, a county-seat town which then had a population of 16,000. It is ten miles south of Peoria, which produces more spirituous liquors than any other city in the United States. In the early New Deal years Dirksen held up a wetted finger to the political winds and became the first Illinois Republican "me-tooer." He not only voted for New Deal measures; he defended them ardently. But four years after the Democrats had brought life back to Peoria's huge distilleries, Dirksen was complaining of high taxes for the alcoholic beverage industry.

In the early New Deal days, Dirksen voted for the Agricultural Adjustment Act, the Federal Emergency Relief Act, the Home Owners' Loan Act, the National Industrial Recovery Act, the National Labor Relations Act, the Social Security Act, and the Guffey-Snyder Coal Act.

When the constitutionality of the National Industrial Recovery Act was questioned, Dirksen came to its defense: ". . . I think of the millions who are unemployed today, the people about whom Abraham Lincoln was so solicitous, the people who were the chief solicitude of men like Robert Owen, the great humanitarian from England, and of St. Francis of Assisi, and of all those other great humanitarians who have gone down the corridors of time. . . . Mr. Chairman, the mind is no match with the heart in persuasiveness; constitutionality is no match for compassion. . . ."

On February 16, 1937, Dirksen was still for the New Deal. He said that he took pride in voting for NRA, Social Security, and AAA:

"Those days of 1932 and 1933 were troublous and beset with difficulty. Insofar as conviction permitted, one was expected to adjourn all partisanship and participate in the common enterprise of lifting the Nation from its despondency."

Ten years later, on January 23, 1947,

Dirksen was following his party's line that almost everything that took place under the New Deal was a step toward socialism:

"I still contend that in 1932 and 1933, when I was privileged to become a Member of this body, we started upon a great departure from the course of freedom. You know, economic des-

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peration somehow frustrates and blinds people and ofttimes they are willing to throw their liberties overboard in order to achieve an economic objective."

Broad—or Narrow—Oceans

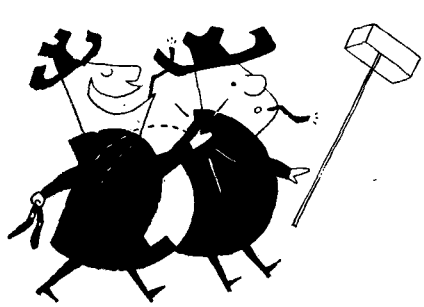
On foreign policy and national defense Dirksen showed his inconsistency early. In 1935, he announced to the House that the First World War was "a war that was none of our business." In February of that year, speaking in opposition to appropriations for military aircraft, Dirksen said: "we are being more or less dominated day after day by those who believe we ought to build up such a great force and such large armament that, ultimately, along with this jingo psychology, it will be the inspiration for another war."

A year later, he reversed himself: "A large and adequate defense establishment is not an incentive for war."

In 1937, Dirksen wanted to restrict the United States fleet maneuvers to an area no farther than three hundred miles off our coast. Reminded that Hawaii is a territory of the United States, Dirksen said, "We have no business with a fleet employment program that will take us away out in the Pacific. . . ."

In 1938, Dirksen talked of America's "isolation between two broad oceans. Talk until the vaults of heaven ring," he said, "but you cannot minimize the fact we are sitting here between two broad oceans, which has great bearing on defense."

Just a year later, he blandly argued against an appropriation for a building for the Census Bureau by asking whether "we are not year after year making the Nation's Capital more and more vulnerable by concentrating virtually every activity of government here. If there is anything to the representations . . . that somebody might send an airplane carrier within 500 miles of our shores and then send bombing planes on, why, the first place to which any military tactician would direct his efforts would be the Nation's Capital."



In 1939, Dirksen voted against strengthening Guam. He voted to cut the number of military planes asked by President Roosevelt. He favored bartering vital agricultural commodities with Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy, a position opposed by President Roosevelt. But he was against buying Argentine beef for Navy use because he was against "pampering the dainty stomachs of gobs." Then one day in June, 1940, he arose in the House and said:

"Thank God there is a national-defense program under way. . . . Build the instruments of death so big, so powerful, and in such quantities that their very frightfulness will inspire an abiding fear as a deterrent to war."

Three months later, however, after western Europe was entirely under the Nazi heel, Dirksen voted against the bill to set up compulsory military training and to increase the armed forces. He also voted against Lend-Lease. On September 18, 1941, he got headlines by making another switch: He called for support of President Roosevelt's foreign policy. The *Tribune,* horrified, advised Dirksen to come and talk to the home folks. A month before Pearl Harbor, Dirksen switched again to vote against the Roosevelt proposal to allow American ships to enter combat zones.

On the day after Pearl Harbor, he praised the President and Secretary of State Cordell Hull for "gentleness, patience and restraint in preserving peace in the Pacific." A few years later, Dirksen and his fellow Illinois Republicans were to try to prove that Roosevelt encouraged the Japanese to attack us.

The Great Internationalist

During the war, Dirksen kept up a running political battle with Roosevelt's "bureaucrats." He sniped at Administration "bungling" and wanted Congress to have more to say about running the war. He railed against the "professors" in OPA and worried about the "surrender without a fight of freedom of economic enterprise." In 1943, Dirksen began to move toward the so-called internationalist group in the G.O.P., then led by Wendell Willkie, and presently he began to talk himself up as that group's Presidential candidate in 1944. In December, 1943, he became an avowed candidate.

He talked about an abbreviated Republican platform of five freedoms—freedom to live, to grow, to dare (to risk investment), freedom from fear for business as well as the workingman, and freedom from burdensome government.

Dirksen finally campaigned only for the Vice-Presidency, but among the Illinois delegation the Indian sign was put on him by Colonel Robert R. McCormick, who said that he would not "be for Dirksen for anything." Dirksen's constituents had raised $5,000 to back him for Vice-President. After the Convention there was $3,900 left. Businessmen of Pekin advised him to take the money and make a trip around the world. He traveled thirty-two thousand miles, visited twenty-one countries, and returned with a new viewpoint. He attacked UNRRA but revealed a lot of very belated enthusiasm for Lend-Lease.

Dirksen was also enthusiastic about General George C. Marshall. "Thank God we have leadership like that!" he cried. A few years later he found himself in league with Senator McCarthy, who has attacked Marshall's patriotism and loyalty.

Dirksen began hammering at the problem of the growing "Red shadow" over Europe and in the next three years gained a measure of fame by being the only Illinois Republican Congressman to talk up aid to Europe through the Marshall Plan. Dirksen became the Illinois outpost of the Dewey wing of the G.O.P. He put his political chips on Dewey to win the 1948 nomination and election, and was well pleased when Illinois political dopesters again talked of his possibilities as Dewey's running mate.

In 1948, Dirksen gave the full support of his impassioned oratory to the bipartisan foreign policy, again bucking the *Tribune* and its captive Illinois Republican organization. This made Dirksen a most important man in the Dewey camp, since few professional

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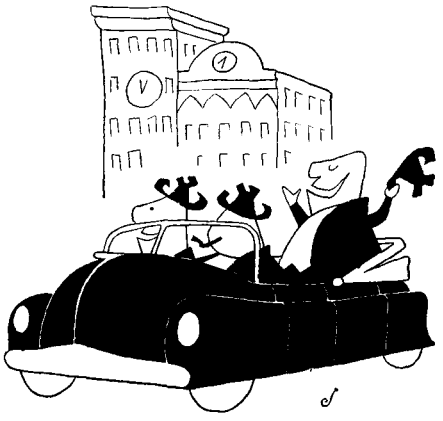
politicians from Illinois talked like that. Dirksen himself stopped doing so almost immediately after his dreams of glory as a prominent member of President Dewey's Administration had faded.

Dirksen returned to Illinois and within a few months was making peace with the isolationist element. By September, 1949, he was describing aid to Europe as "throwing money down into a bottomless pit." He said his vote for the Marshall Plan a year earlier had been a "mistake." From that time on, Dirk-



sen has followed the line of the extreme right wing of the Republican Party. This year he threw his all into the Taft campaign, as certain of Taft's nomination and election as he had been of Dewey's in 1948.

Dirksen went straight down the MacArthur line regarding the war in Korea. He called for use of "all our fantastic weapons and elimination of the Yalu River insanity that permits Communist forces to maintain sanctuary behind the border." A year ago he insisted, "We can't trust our allies abroad."

Last October, when even Senator Taft voted to give $7.4 billion to Europe in military and economic aid, Dirksen voted "No." But Dirksen continued to sing Taft's praises for President. Dirksen allowed another dream to start building. If there should be a deadlock between Eisenhower and Taft, Dirksen hoped to be named as a compromise candidate. When it became obvious after the first test vote on the "fair-play" rules of the G.O.P. Convention that Eisenhower would be nominated, Dirksen put up his lightning rod in the hopes he would be struck with the Vice-Presidency. Governor Dewey destroyed that hope. Thus when Dirksen took the rostrum and excoriated his onetime hero, he had more than impersonal politics in his craw.

Sacred Bodfish?

It is in the field of labor and management, prices and profits, that Dirksen has been most consistent. He has voted against price controls, rent controls, and restrictions on management. In 1951, Dirksen was the only Senator to vote against a compromise bill to continue controls.

Dirksen's views on these matters are consistent with the company he keeps. One of his closest friends is Morton Bodfish, chairman of the United States Savings and Loan League. In 1948, the group was indicted by a Federal grand jury on charges of failing to report lobbying expenditures as required by United States law. On June 3 of that year, Dirksen introduced an amendment to the lobbying law. In the next to last paragraph of the four-page amendment, he inserted a provision that would have exempted any organization then under indictment from being prosecuted. Bodfish's organization was the only one under indictment at the time.

Last year Dirksen became a director of Bodfish's Loan League. Critics pointed out that he is a member of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, which deals with legislation affecting the league's interests.

Dirksen has been consistent in his votes for the private-utility lobby. When he was running for election to the Senate he wrote an article for the *Illinois Rural Electrification News,* which goes to 118,000 Illinois farm subscribers. He noted that the Eightieth Congress, of which he was a member, had appropriated more funds and authorized more loans for rural electrification than had any other Congress thus far.

"For myself," he wrote, "I am grateful for the humble share which I had in the unfoldment of this far-reaching program of bringing more light to rural America."

Readers who had been given the impression that Dirksen had been for the Rural Electrification Administration might have been interested to know that in six years Dirksen had voted in favor of REA appropriations only once in the course of thirty opportunities, and had reneged on that vote a few minutes later.

When Dirksen was campaigning for the Senate, Joe T. Meek, secretary of the Illinois Federation of Retail Associations, revealed that he had been helping Dirksen in his previous campaigns for the House. Meek said:

"Dirksen was worried about what it was costing him because he was in a big area and had to pay the party and had to pay the workers. So I looked through about twenty of these merchant princes in Peoria. And I called them together and said to them:

"'You gentlemen buy life insurance; you buy health insurance. Why don't you buy insurance for the continuation of good government in Illinois to protect you and your fixed expenses?' They did just that."

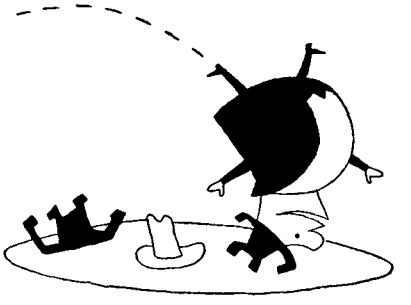
As a result, Meek revealed, they were able to call Dirksen on the telephone in Washington and get results when they were interested in a bill.

Whose Side Is He On?

The success of another kind of lobbyist is told by Joseph B. Meegan, of Chicago's Back of the Yard Council. Meegan was lobbying for the school-lunch program at a time when it was endangered by an economy drive in Congress.

He talked to Dirksen and left the Congressman's offices enthusiastic and hopeful. He told a friend:

"Dirksen knows more about the hot-lunch and penny-milk program than anyone I talked to. He even knows



more about it than I do. He quotes statistics like an expert. He can be very helpful."

The friend asked, "But did Dirksen say he is on your side?"

Meegan paused. "I don't know. He didn't say."

Later Dirksen voted to cut the program.

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Our Brass-Bound Foreign Policy

LINDSAY ROGERS

WHO NOW remembers General Eisenhower's famous letter of January 22, 1948? When he himself recalls it, his most poignant reflection must be that if he had only said "Yes" four years ago, the Democratic Convention would have nominated him at Philadelphia and he could have won the election in a walk. Now he is striving for the Presidency the hard way.

"It is my conviction," the letter said, "that the necessary and wise subordination of the military to civil power will be best sustained and our people will have greater confidence that it is so sustained when lifelong professional soldiers in the absence of some obvious and overriding reasons abstain from seeking high political office." No one knows better than General Eisenhower that one of the gravest questions now confronting the American people is that the subordination is not effective —that the civil authorities are not controlling the military services. It is only a slight exaggeration, if it is any exaggeration at all, to say that the White House, the Department of State, and the Defense Secretaries have abdicated and that the Joint Chiefs of Staff have moved in.

'A Fine General You Are!'

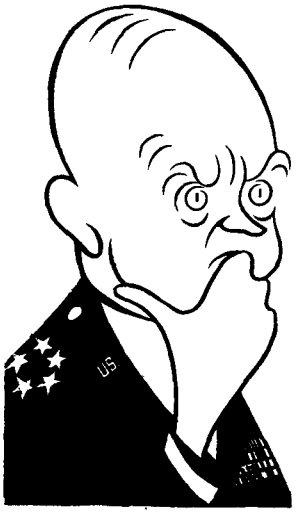
Influence works in devious ways; it puts hidden links into the chain of cause and effect, and is difficult for the outsider to detect and discuss. In the present situation, however, the outward manifestations are manifold. Let us consider first the phenomenon of the generals and the admirals taking over the civilian function of discussing policy and of seeking to influence public opinion.

When a future historian writes on the development of the profession of arms, he can devote a fascinating chapter to recounting how the public-relations officer—at first anathema—gradually became more important to the American general and admiral than most other staff officers.

If the history has illustrations, one might be a recent cartoon of a wife berating her epauletted husband: "A fine General you are! Never hold a press conference! Never on radio or television! Never wrote a book! And never ran for President!"

Our Babbling Brass

If present tendencies continue unchecked, the historian may be able to discuss how Chiefs of Staff came to be chosen on the basis of oratorical ability or of physiognomies that looked well on television. Indeed, General Eisenhower feared something like this. His letter of 1948 said: "I would regard it as an unalloyed tragedy for our country if ever should come the day when military commanders might be selected with an eye to their future potentialities in the political field rather than exclusively upon judgment as to their military abilities."



Of course the craving for publicity is only a minor cause of the press conferences, interviews, and speeches. Financial gain is also a minor factor. But that there is no ban or even remonstrance from the civil side of the government is alarming. For example, Vice-Admiral Charles Turner Joy retired as chief of the United Nations delegation to the Korean peace talks and promptly wrote three articles for *Collier's*. What he said about the veracity and demeanor of the Communist delegates certainly did not make the task of his successors any easier. Our imaginary military historian may be able to be precise on the way in which this kind of writing by brass still on active service became permissible. I hope that he will also be able to tell us when it was again prohibited.

Until recently this inability to remain quiet was not a failing of those who headed the armed services. But let me list a few recent illustrations of generals and admirals expatiating, without any restraint from the White House or protest from the State Department, on questions that a few years ago they would not have dreamed of discussing save before Congressional committees.

On September 23, General Bradley, having returned from an inspection trip to Europe, expressed his hope that our allies in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization could share our atomic secrets. This is barred by a statute passed in 1946. General Bradley may be quite sound in this view, but is it not one that should be urged on Congress by the President or the Secretary of State? On September 28, the report of another press conference carried the headline BRADLEY SEES '54 WAR PERIL CUT BY NATO. Many times the public has been told of the Joint Chiefs' anticipation of what would be

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the perilous years, but has never received any adequate explanation of why those years were selected. On the day before General Bradley held the earlier press conference, a major general passing through New York City en route from Korea to Europe summoned reporters to tell them that he saw no reason why Chiang's troops on Formosa would fall short of the highest efficiency "if given the proper training and weapons"—a judgment so qualified, and indeed so familiar, that it could hardly be challenged.

About the same time, General Mark Clark was giving an exclusive interview to Marguerite Higgins of the New York *Herald Tribune*. Among other things he discussed Soviet labor camps, speculated on whether the United Nations offensive would entail such heavy economic demands on the Soviet Union by the Chinese Communists that the men in the Kremlin would consider it unprofitable to continue the war, and expressed the view that the enemy was "perfectly capable" of carrying on a war of attrition for many years.

Other Voices, Other Services

Unhappily, the generals and admirals in their press conferences not only disagree with one another, but sometimes disagree with themselves. In the early part of last July General James A. Van Fleet called for more air power, saying that heavier air blows could force the Communists into signing an armistice. A little later he said that recent developments in Korea indicated "less chance of an armistice than ever before." Three days before the latter statement, our Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral William M. Fechteler, returning from a Far Eastern tour, announced that he thought there *would* be an armistice, "principally because the Communists want one."

Perhaps General MacArthur is as responsible as anyone for initiating this trend. His communiqués from the Pacific during the war were often more poetic than accurate, but the Pentagon seldom felt sure enough of itself to correct them. When the Korean War began, the MacArthur communiqués went into such details on the location of United Nations units and the identification of opposing enemy ones that they could be justified only on one ground: that General MacArthur was lying to the enemy about the American units and in telling the Communists what he knew about their dispositions, he was boasting of the excellence of his own Intelligence services, which were to fail badly later.

Foot-in-Mouth Disease

The emanations from the Pentagon have, on occasion, disturbed our allies considerably. In an article published in the October, 1950, *Reader's Digest*, General Bradley said that we were sending no troops to Indo-China, and added: "There are numerous other areas of potential 'local wars' in Asia. Among

them are Siam, Burma, Afghanistan, and Iran, Iraq and Turkey." The suggestion that aggression against Turkey might be a "local war" caused great excitement in Ankara. There were cabled remonstrances, and one was justified in suspecting that the visit Secretary of the Air Force Thomas K. Finletter promptly paid to Turkey was part of a design to allay uneasiness.

In May, 1950, General Hoyt S. Vandenberg made a speech in Detroit which discussed that great industrial city's vulnerability: "When atomic bombs are used, these centers can be destroyed within a few hours after an attack is launched unless they are strongly and skillfully defended." He went on to say that we were hurrying to build a radar screen, but this, even when completed, would provide only a warning. Meanwhile, "We do not have the interceptor planes needed to cover all approaches today and they are not on order. The provision of a reasonably adequate air defense is not possible under our present program." What did the French and the West Germans think of this? Would Detroit be bombed before Bonn and Lyons?

On occasion, moreover, the Pentagon, in effect, participates in domestic politics. General Bradley's address in Pasadena in March of this year criticized the exponents of the "Gibraltar theory" of defense and emphasized that "air power and the atom bomb" were not enough; that American ground troops fighting abroad might be necessary to provide "an ultimate protection to New York, St. Louis, and Pasadena."

This may have been sound doctrine, but it represented the views of the Administration. Other opinions at the time—voiced in the Republican Party by Senator Taft and ex-President Hoover—maintained that sea power and air power would be sufficient to protect the United States, and that the adoption of this theory would result in great economies. The Joint Chiefs were charged with being "Administration stooges." The generals would avoid such criticism if they limited themselves to sober, expert statements to Congressional committees, as was formerly the practice. Even then, careless language could result in unintended sensations and the committees might well consider whether it should not hear service representatives in private and then release all or portions of their testimony. General Walter Bedell Smith, for example, must regret that his recent statement to the effect that Communists probably had been able to get into every important unit of the government (including his own Central Intelligence Agency) was made in public and instantly headlined in the newspapers. Presently Smith felt compelled to issue an amplification that was in effect a retraction.

Military Foreign Policy

Not much need be said concerning foreign policies that have been dictated by the Pentagon. Who doubts that insistence by the armed services forced the civilian branch of the government to propose the rearming of Germany? The hopes (as yet unrealized) for agreements with Spain for military and naval bases were hatched

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in the Pentagon and not in the State Department. It will be some time before we can tell just how harmful the policy of rearming Germany will prove to be. Bringing Spain in as a stepchild of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization is not important, but it disheartened the political parties in western Europe which were friendly to the United States and encouraged their political opponents.

During the Second World War, civil-military relations worked well. According to Robert E. Sherwood (*Roosevelt and Hopkins*), "There were not more than two occasions in the entire war" when President Roosevelt overruled his Chiefs of Staff. One decision—and the question of who overruled whom is debatable—was on TORCH, the landings in North Africa. The other instance was at the second Cairo Conference in December, 1943, when President Roosevelt decided to abandon two operations that had been contemplated in Southeast Asia—a land offensive in northern Burma and amphibious missions in the Bay of Bengal.

The rarity of such interventions was due to the fact that the President had many informal conferences with the Chiefs of Staff, who knew his views and either argued him out of them or came to agree with him. Moreover, General Marshall and Admiral King endeavored to agree with each other, in part because they were reluctant to disclose their differences to Admiral Leahy, the President's personal chief of staff. They did not want him to arbitrate between them.

Gaps: Berlin and Korea

But as the war ended, disunity between the civil and military authorities had unfortunate consequences. On the armistice agreements and the occupation arrangements for Berlin there were differences between the Army and the State Department, with the White House being indifferent or too preoccupied to interfere.

The State Department and the American representative on the European Advisory Commission (the late Ambassador Winant) urged that an agreement be negotiated with the Soviet Union guaranteeing the other three occupying powers access to Berlin. The War Department insisted that this was a purely "military matter" which would be taken care of "at the military level" when the time came. The time never came.

In respect to the war in Korea, there have been two disastrous cases of ineffective civil-military relations. I pass over the fact that the Joint Chiefs of Staff were quite willing for American military forces to be withdrawn from Korea and that neither they nor the State Department ever said: "Suppose there is aggression from North Korea—Communist aggression. Is the South Korean Army sufficiently equipped to deal with that aggression?" The two cases of disunity I have in mind are these:

General W. T. Sherman

The failure of the President and the Joint Chiefs at the Wake Island conference (October 15, 1950) to tell General MacArthur that he must not rush across the 38th parallel to the Yalu River. The conferees discussed everything else: the trial of war criminals; elections in Korea "by the first of the year"; the Japanese peace treaty; and the troops that could be released in January for service in Europe. The rush over the parallel toward the Yalu may have been the most catastrophic mistake of the whole Korean business. It caused one of the most serious disasters in American military history. Like Augustus, General MacArthur was later enabled to cry, "Give me back my legions!" Meanwhile a war continues that might have been ended.

Lack of co-ordination in respect of the prisoners-of-war issue: The State Department should have remembered that nearly a thousand Russians—prisoners of war in Germany—committed suicide when being forcibly repatriated. The negotiations for the armistice proceeded with no awareness of the fact that many prisoners of war would not want to return to North Korea or to China. A way out would have been to release these prisoners, or at least not give their names to the North Korean negotiators. Prisoners were discussed briefly at the Wake Island conference. General Bradley asked what would be done "with the 60,000 prisoners you now have." General MacArthur replied that "they are the happiest Koreans in all Korea. For the first time they are well fed and clean," and the conversation then shifted to elections.

Quis Custodiet?

In his speech in Baltimore on September 25, General Eisenhower blasted out against the "famine-or-feast" defense policy of the government. The blast was largely against Congress, where, on defense policy, party lines have not been strictly drawn. By his criticisms, General Eisenhower said that he did "not intend to belittle the abilities and devotion of the Chiefs of Staff."

The trouble was that "those civilians who should exercise authority in military matters felt hesitant because of their lack of specialized knowledge and experience." There was an intimation that the burden on generals was increasing—"Generals who used to be trained to concentrate on military decisions feel compelled to consider economic factors"—but no criticism of their wandering in political fields. General Eisenhower proposed "More civilian counsel and direction" in the weapons production program and in the deliberations of the National Security Council—proposals that the Joint Chiefs will oppose bitterly. But in the speech there was insufficient awareness of the fact that weakness on the civil side of the government, and "the devotion" of the Chiefs of Staff have led them to be the leading men instead of supporting characters in the political drama; and that this is one of the greatest issues now confronting the American people.

"Sed quis custodiet ipsos custodes?" Juvenal was talking about restraining wives who wished to be errant. His question, "But who is to guard the guards themselves?" is even more pertinent when the person who seeks to be President and to be a guard over the Joint Chiefs is a military man himself. Who is to be his civilian guard and insist on the "necessary and wise subordination?"

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McCarthy Can Still Be Beaten

JAMES G. MARCH

To the casual observer, Senator Joseph McCarthy's impressive primary victory in Wisconsin—he ran more than one hundred thousand votes ahead of the combined total for all other candidates in both parties—would seem to indicate that the November election will be a mere formality to underwrite six more years of McCarthyism. A more careful analysis permits one to believe that McCarthy could still be beaten in November.

Although it is only a short time since the primary took place, it is already difficult to recall the events leading up to it. Many months before the start of the formal campaign in Wisconsin, there had been talk of finding a leading Republican to run against McCarthy. This agitation centered around two names: Walter Kohler, the present Governor of the state, and his immediate predecessor in that office, Oscar Rennebohm. Rennebohm, who had retired from office before the 1950 campaign on the advice of his doctors, again ruled himself out because of his health. Kohler ostentatiously flirted with the idea of running and was urged to do so by prominent Democratic leaders. Indeed, at one time it seemed quite probable that Kohler would oppose McCarthy in the primary. His subsequent withdrawal gave to the entire proceedings the appearance of an extraordinarily effective use of the old mousetrap play against the anti-McCarthyites. The Democrats were flustered, and there was no "respectable" Republican available to lead the opposition within the party. The Republican state Convention endorsed McCarthy, and Kohler and the others fell in line.

This left, as the leader of the Republican opposition to McCarthy, an independent Republican named Leonard F. Schmitt, who had been defeated by Kohler in the 1950 gubernatorial primary and whose Republicanism had been brought into question by his refusal to support Kohler in the 1950 general election and by his outspoken opposition to Thomas Coleman's powerful Republican Voluntary Committee.

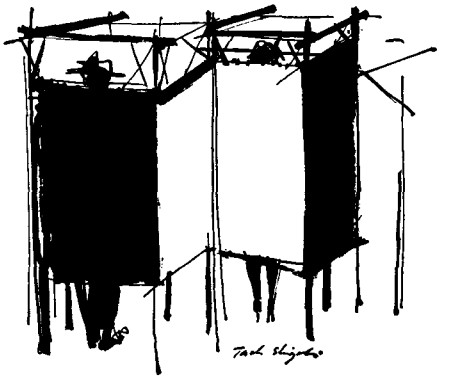
Two Birds in the Bush

The Democrats were unable to agree on their campaign strategy after the Kohler boomlet petered out. The old Progressive tradition of voting in the Republican primary persists in Wisconsin, despite the fact that it has only served to weaken the over-all strength of the Democratic Party. The dream that two ineffective shots at an objectionable candidate are somehow better than a single effective one continued to animate such romanticists as William T. Evjue, editor of the Madison *Capital Times*, and a substantial number of the Progressive-Democrats who form an indispensable part of the Wisconsin Democratic Party.

As a result, one group of Democrats was providing the Republican Schmitt with such few words of support as he received from political leaders of any importance, and at the same time another group of influential Democrats was working strenuously to hold onto the Democratic voting strength in the primary. To this latter purpose, at least in part, was directed the belated entrance into the Senatorial campaign of Thomas E. Fairchild. The strategy of providing a contest within the Democratic fold, admirable as it seemed, was robbed of effectiveness by the obvious halfheartedness with which it was adopted and pursued.

The general assumption that McCarthy was a sure bet in the primary, if not in the general election, prevailed until the final two weeks of the campaign. Then suddenly this basic acceptance underwent a profound change. In this change lies the first, and probably the most fundamental, misconception upon which the pessimistic post-primary analyses have been based. There was no factual basis for this change of attitudes about the campaign. No poll had indicated a radical switch of public opinion, and no important leaders in the Republican Party had come out for Schmitt. Unquestionably, the campaign had generated some excitement, but there was no indication at any time that Schmitt was gaining adherents.

Nevertheless, when an article in *Life* magazine indicated that the odds on



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McCarthy were dropping, the rest of the press perked up its ears and the nation waited, with either hope or dread, for the news of McCarthy's defeat. As a result, what might have been considered merely a preliminary to the real battle came to be considered a crushing defeat of the anti-McCarthy forces in the state. The cardinal sin of political maneuver—a sin that nearly every newspaperman in the country had commented on during the Presidential preference primaries but which nearly every newspaperman in the country had forgotten by September—is to promise more than can be delivered, to give an overoptimistic definition of what constitutes victory and defeat. And yet this perfectly obvious political error has been largely ignored in evaluating McCarthy's victory.

Instead, the interpretation of the Wisconsin results has consistently gone something like this: "Yes indeed, the Democrats did cross the party lines to vote in the primary, but they didn't vote for Schmitt—they voted for McCarthy!" This interpretation has been picked up and echoed by newspapers all over the country.

Moving from this premise, the observers went on confidently to explain why the Democrats voted for McCarthy: "They resented outside interference," "They were disturbed by the question of Communism to the exclusion of all others," "The Catholic vote went to McCarthy," and "They didn't want to deprive Stevenson of a key issue." What's wrong with these explanations is that their basic premise—that the Democrats voted for McCarthy—is simply not valid.

Facts and Figures

The plain truth is that in so far as Democrats voted in the Republican primary, they voted overwhelmingly for Schmitt. What happened was just what everyone had expected to happen: The Democrats who crossed over voted for Schmitt, and the Republicans gave him relatively little support. It is possible that in some sections McCarthy did get a substantial portion of the Democratic vote, but there is no indication that this accounted for a significant part of the McCarthy vote or that a significant part of the Democratic vote went to Senator McCarthy.

If it were true that there was a significant Democratic vote for McCarthy, McCarthy should have done better where the Democrats were strong and where they voted in the Republican primary than he did where the Democrats were weak or stayed in their own primary. Table 1 lists the thirteen counties in which McCarthy did most poorly. These, according to the theory we

are examining, should be counties in which the Democrats are weak. It also shows the percentage of votes that were cast in the 1950 Senatorial elections for the Democratic candidate in each county. Since only a few of the more populous counties ever vote more than forty-five per cent Democratic in state elections, it is clear that ten of the thirteen "Schmitt" counties were counties in which the Democrats were relatively strong rather than relatively weak. Schmitt carried Douglas and Lincoln, and he almost carried Dane. Lincoln, Schmitt's home county, is small and generally Republican. Douglas and Dane are larger and are the most consistently Democratic counties in the state. They were Schmitt's best counties.

TABLE 1: "SCHMITT" COUNTIES

County	Dem. vote, 1950 (per cent)
Ashland	48
Bayfield	46
Chippewa	54
Dane	62
Douglas	57
Eau Claire	54
LaCrosse	50
Lincoln	35
Milwaukee	55
Ozaukee	38
Racine	48
Sheboygan	47
Waukesha	38

On the other hand, the eleven counties in which McCarthy did best, running five to one or better over Schmitt, should have been those counties in which there were Democratic votes for him.

Table 2 lists these eleven counties and indicates their voting records. Without exception, they are rock-ribbed Republican counties, in four of which the Republican candidate for Senator polled more than seventy per cent of the vote in 1950.

TABLE 2: "McCARTHY" COUNTIES

County	Dem. vote, 1950 (per cent)
Calumet	30
Crawford	43
Grant	34
Green Lake	29
Kewaunee	34
Oconto	37
Pepin	44
Sawyer	35
Shawano	28
Waupaca	24
Waushara	24

It seems relatively clear that where Schmitt fell down was where there were relatively few Democrats to vote for him. But to examine this a little more closely, we can consider the ten most Democratic counties of the state, those which gave the Democratic candidates majorities in both the gubernatorial and Senatorial elections of 1950. In which of these counties did the Democrats cross over to vote Republican in substantial numbers? In which did they stay in their own primary? What were the consequences of the two types of behavior?

Table 3 provides some interesting answers. It shows, for each county, the percentage of the total 1950 primary vote (when there was little or no party jumping) that was cast in the Democratic primary. In the second column it shows the percentage of the total 1952 primary vote (for Schmitt, McCarthy, and the Democrats) that was cast in the Democratic primary. These two columns provide a rough indication of the counties in which there was a crossing of party lines in the 1952 primary. The third column indicates the number of McCarthy votes in each county for every Schmitt vote in that county. These figures must be compared with a state-wide McCarthy strength of approximately 2.6 votes for every Schmitt vote.

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TABLE 3

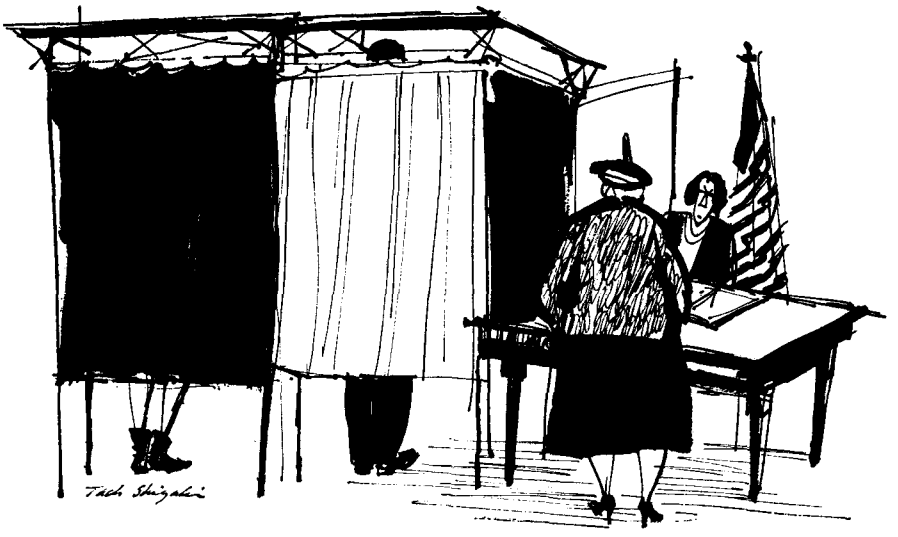
County	% Voters, 1950 Dem. Primary	% Voters, 1952 Dem. Primary	McCarthy-Schmitt Ratio
Dane	51	22	1.1
Douglas	23	21	1.0
Eau Claire	28	16	1.5
Forest	49	29	4.8
Iron	34	32	2.9
Jackson	30	28	3.0
Kenosha	47	40	2.9
LaCrosse	15	8	2.2
Milwaukee	47	36	1.8
Portage	56	31	3.8

There are five counties—Dane, Eau Claire, Forest, Milwaukee, and Portage—where the Democratic primary vote dropped ten percentage points or more from 1950 to 1952 and where we may, therefore, conclude that there was a substantial number of Democrats voting in the Republican primary. In three of those five counties, McCarthy was unable to get even two votes for every one Schmitt vote (as compared with 2.6 state-wide), and these three counties accounted for 38.5 per cent of the total Democratic vote for Senator in 1950. In the other two counties, Forest and Portage, there is some indication that there may have been Democratic votes for McCarthy, but these are the *only* places where it is indicated. These two counties combined accounted for less than two per cent of the Democratic vote in 1950. In three of the five other Democratic counties, where the Democrats apparently voted in their own primary, McCarthy did better than he did state-wide.

The evidence seems conclusive that, with a few minor exceptions, Democrats in Wisconsin either abstained from voting in the primary, voted in the Democratic primary, or voted for Schmitt in the Republican primary. McCarthy did poorly where significant numbers of Democrats voted in the Republican primary. He did well where there were few Democrats or where they stayed in their own primary. There simply is no evidence for the widely held belief that Democratic votes provided McCarthy with significant support in the primary.

Reasons for Hope

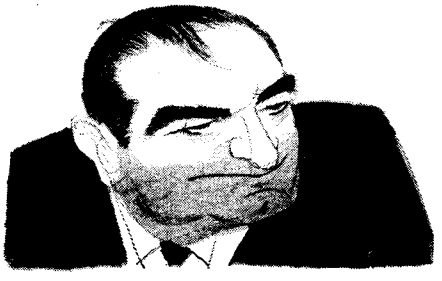
The importance of this fact is considerable. In the first place, it eliminates the most important basis for the feelings of futility that overcame the anti-McCarthy forces immediately following the primary. Of course, McCarthy demonstrated in the primary that his position was strong. At the same time, however, there is no need for panic. McCarthy's strength was known at the outset; and, except for the brief period of pipe dreaming immediately before the primary, he was conceded an easy victory. He gained that easy victory. Now he faces what could be, if hope is not abandoned, a serious test. Thomas E. Fairchild, the Democratic nominee, has several reasons for hope.



In the first place, this is a Presidential election year, and the national ticket may bring out substantial numbers of normally apathetic voters, and change the entire picture.

Secondly, unless we believe that all of the votes for Schmitt represent Democratic votes—a completely untenable proposition—there would appear to be a number of Republicans with at least some predisposition to oppose McCarthy. Normally, intraparty primary opposition is difficult to translate into continued opposition in November, but there is a greater possibility that some Republicans will split their ticket to McCarthy's disadvantage than there has been in previous elections.

Finally, it is not unusual for Republican candidates to get more votes than their combined Republican and Democratic opposition in the primary, despite the large amount of comment this phenomenon has produced.



The Man on the Fence

Fairchild's candidacy, therefore, is not a hopeless one. The biggest blow to his chances has been the interpretation thus far placed on the primary results. The fact that this unrealistic interpretation could have been avoided by a little less unfounded optimism is plain, but scarcely comforting. The fact that that interpretation could have been avoided by some sober thought after the primary is likewise plain, and likewise disturbing. The impact of this interpretation cannot be underestimated. Every study of political and social attitudes indicates that the man on the fence, the person who is undecided, is extraordinarily sensitive to the subtle need for emotional support from relatives, neighbors, friends, and even the press.

It is among these many undecided voters, whose importance to the Fairchild candidacy is indisputable, that the popular pronouncement that the vast majority of Wisconsin citizens, Democrats and Republicans alike, appear to be solidly behind McCarthy has had and will have a devastating effect. Because of Senator McCarthy's singular importance on the national scene, this same misconception could play a part in elections throughout the country. The plain truth offers no excuse for complacency, but neither does it justify despair.

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Soviet Production: Steel Before Shoes

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

As the Nineteenth Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union assembles in Moscow, one of the main points on its agenda is a "preview" of the current Five-Year Plan, which runs through 1955. Actually, the Plan's second year is now drawing to a close, and the Congress will undoubtedly accept it with little discussion or criticism and hail it as the greatest achievement of Stalin's era.

What does this plan promise to the Russian people? What is its significance to the world?

These are the over-all targets:

The Soviet Union is to increase its net national income by sixty per cent. Its gross industrial output is to grow by seventy per cent: eighty-two per cent in producer goods, sixty-four in consumer goods. Employment outside collective farming is to grow by fifteen per cent—about six million.

These figures may be somewhat enigmatic, but the following table gives a clear idea of recent and planned development of the fuel, iron, and steel industries:

Year	Pig Iron	Steel	Coal	Oil	Electricity
	(Million Metric Tons)				*(Billion kwh)*
1940	15	18	166	31	48
1945	9	12	150	19	45
1950	19	28	264	38	88
1955	33	45	372	70	158

There is no reason to assume that the 1955 targets will not be achieved. We must even reckon with the probability that some will be surpassed, as were those for 1950. The output of steel is likely to approach fifty million tons; similarly, under the previous Plan the target was twenty-five million, but actual output was about twenty-eight million. Ten years after the war Russia should nearly quadruple its production of iron, steel, and electricity, treble its extraction of oil, and more than double its output of coal.

The Plan for 1951-1955 marks a new phase in the industrial race against the West which Russia entered nearly a quarter of a century ago, engaging every ounce of its strength and all its national ambition.

Historically, this is not the first competition between Russia and the West. Over the centuries the Czarist empire was subjected to the constant pressure of superior western European power and civilization. To build up their military strength, some Czars made frenzied efforts to introduce western techniques and organization. Peter the Great made the most important and dramatic of those attempts. More quietly, less ambitiously, Czardom reentered the contest at the end of the nineteenth century, shortly before its own downfall.

Czarist Russia lost each of these contests; and each left the nation exhausted and still further behind the West. It was not that Russia failed to make any progress, but the Czars had to strain all their despotic power to force their people into the rivalry and to keep them in it. Each time Russia's initial lag proved far too great to be made good; and since western Europe was advancing so rapidly, it became more and more difficult for Russia to catch up.

An Exhausting Race

Twenty-five years ago Bolshevik Russia reopened the contest. The decision was taken after the long and bitter controversy between Stalin and Trotsky. Much earlier than Stalin, Trotsky had advocated industrialization; but he did not believe that Russia, even under Communist rule, could catch up with the West, let alone overtake it. He pointed to the tremendous historic lag which made him believe that the prospects of Communist Russia in a single-handed economic rivalry with the capitalist West would be hopeless. He concluded that only revolution in Europe could alter the balance in favor of Communism.

Stalin, seeing no chance for such a revolution, made the economic contest with the West the theme of his program: "Catch up with the capitalist countries and surpass them!"

The contest is now in its third decade; and at least some of the delegates attending the Nineteenth Congress of the party, as they listen to the report of M. Z. Saburov, who sponsors the new plan, must be silently pondering the question: Has Stalin's Russia really found the techniques which may enable it to win this time? Or is this merely a repetition, on a gigantic scale, of that peculiarly Russian tragedy, the desperate and exhausting race toward an ever more distant goal?

When the Stalinist call to "catch up

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with the capitalist West" first resounded in Russia, the "enemy" was France, the chief inspirer of the anti-Soviet intervention of 1919-1920. Weimar Germany was still a disarmed, semi-friendly power. The isolationist United States was beyond all power combinations, hostile or friendly, which occupied the minds of Soviet policymakers. True, in the factories built under the first Five-Year Plan (1928-1932) banners proclaimed the party's intention to turn Russia into a "socialist America." But this was a bold dream about a very remote future.

A few years later it was against Nazi Germany, a much stronger power than France, that Stalin's Russia had to measure its strength. At the beginning of the 1930's Russia's industrial potential was a fraction of Germany's. The goal suddenly receded into the distance. This was the decade of the most stupendous strains and stresses in modern Russian history. But toward its end Russia's industrial power had caught up with, or nearly caught up with, that of Germany.

During the Second World War Russia made a prodigious effort to industrialize the Urals and the lands beyond. But the war brought a severe setback to its economic development. Afterward, straining all its strength and drawing upon the resources of the vanquished nations and of the countries within its orbit, Russia began its recovery.

The New Rival

But once again the goal to be attained had changed and the distance from it had lengthened. The new rival was the United States, which confronted Russia with an industrial capacity typified by an annual output of nearly a hundred million tons of steel.

In the opening phase of the cold war, Russia's annual steel output was only one-eighth or one-seventh of America's. The relentless race has now reached a significant stage. If the target of the present plan is reached, Russia will, in 1955, produce nearly half as much steel as the United States does now.

Steel output is the most important index of a country's industrial power. But this index tells only part of the story. The level of those industries on which Russia's military potential directly depends is well above the general level of the Russian economy. Under the new Plan, steel output is to grow by only sixty-two per cent, but the overall increase in producer goods will amount to eighty-two per cent, and in metal-cutting machine tools to 160 per cent. This can be achieved only by the enforcement of the strictest priority in steel allocations.

If we compare the targets for 1955 with what is known about the Russian economy in 1940, Russia's last prewar year, we must conclude that:

Within these fifteen years Russia's net national income should be nearly doubled; but its gross industrial output should be trebled, and the output of the engineering industries should be four times as large as it was in 1940. Russia's military-industrial potential, although not necessarily its actual output of munitions, is expanding twice as rapidly as its general wealth. The gap between the Russian and the American engineering and armament industries is much narrower than that between the steel-producing capacities, and it will be narrower still by 1955.

Cars and Shoes

Hitherto the Russian consumer has financed Stalin's program of industrialization and armament to an extent which western peoples, thinking habitually in terms of their own standards of living, find difficult to grasp.

Russia has been running the race barefoot, half-naked, and undernourished. This is no mere metaphor. Consider the output of shoes—as accurate a measure of the general standard of living as steel and machine tools are of heavy industry. Until quite recently the Russian production of footwear was never enough to provide shoes for more than a fraction of the population. Only in 1951 and 1952 have Soviet factories turned out enough shoes to provide, according to statistics, one pair for every Soviet citizen. This does not mean that every citizen actually gets his shoes: Some can buy several pairs a year; others cannot buy any.

To take another homely example: The supply of meat now is just enough to ensure a statistical average of not more than a half a pound per week for every Soviet town dweller. Again, in practice, some people can afford three or four times this average, while others exist on a meatless diet.

And if we use the automobile as a standard of consumer prosperity, the Soviet Union fares even worse in comparison. During the 1946-1950 Plan, Russia made an all-out effort to develop its own motorcar industry. The target was 500,000 motor vehicles a year—430,000 trucks, 6,000 to 7,000 busses, and only 65,000 passenger cars. This program was designed to remedy one of the major weaknesses Russia revealed in the last war. Russian industry then produced guns and ammunition in great abundance, but it was unable to supply the means of transport on which the army's mobility depended.

Under Lend-Lease, Russia received

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from the western Allies enough trucks to motorize the elite of its army. Most Soviet infantrymen marched on foot from the Volga to Berlin and Vienna; and behind them moved long, primitive, horse-drawn supply trains. At present the Soviet motor industry produces in a year about as many trucks as Russia received under Lend-Lease in the course of nearly four years. The trucks are allocated to industry and farming, but they also form a ready mobilization reserve for the armed forces. Meanwhile the annual quota of 65,000 passenger cars must suffice for a population of about 210 million, spread over 8,354,198 square miles, with only a sparse network of railways.

Carrot and Donkey

To eat one's fill, to be decently clad and shod, to travel—these are still privileges enjoyed by a minority. This is the price the Russian people pay for the development of their country's industrial and military power. They pay it because they are politically not in a position to resist, and because their standard of living is still slightly above what most of them have been accustomed to. Yet after four Five-Year Plans the contrast between the country's growing wealth and the poverty of its producers assumes an unendurable intensity, becoming the most explosive issue in Soviet domestic affairs.

Therefore the new Five-Year Plan promises a sixty per cent rise in the supply of manufactured consumer goods. In some lines the increase is to be much higher; the output of furniture, for instance, is to be trebled. On the other hand, in footwear and clothing the increase is to be less than the average. Farming is also expected to make a decisive contribution to the higher standard of living. A grain crop of more than 180 million tons is anticipated, instead of the 120 million of the last few years, and the supply of meat and fats is supposed to rise by eighty to ninety per cent. This is the section of the plan that the Russian consumer scrutinizes most avidly. Even the least intelligent of housewives has by now learned to relate the abstruse indexes and percentages to the contents of her shopping basket. The plan promises her an average of nearly a pound of meat per person per week, instead of the present half pound. It promises perhaps another two pairs of shoes per year for a family of five, and a few more pieces of crockery.

This is very little by western standards, but it seems a lot to the famished Russian. The party agitator who talks volubly about the approaching era of plenty and the "transition from socialism to communism" is now likely to meet a more genuine response. But the housewife, if she is not very young, will remain a little skeptical; similar promises, she remembers, were made in the past and were not honored.

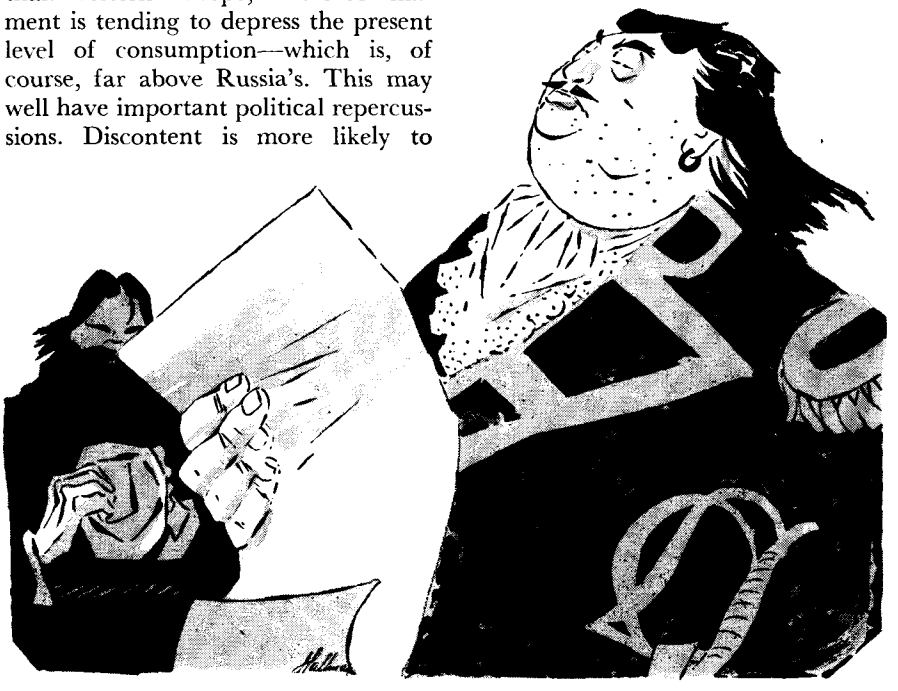
The program for consumer industries is still modest enough to enable the government to fulfill it and still invest in heavy industry on a much larger scale than hitherto. The national "cake" is growing so rapidly that even if a much bigger portion now goes to the consumer, the remainder will still be much larger than before. With the national income rising by sixty per cent, consumption may increase by thirty-five to fifty per cent, and the resources available for heavy industry and defense should still be eighty to one hundred per cent higher in 1955 than they were in 1950.

What About Arms?

The choice between guns and butter is no longer as inexorable as it was in the 1930's and 1940's. The country can now have a little more butter and many more guns. In this respect Russia is in a relatively better position than western Europe, where rearmament is tending to depress the present level of consumption—which is, of course, far above Russia's. This may well have important political repercussions. Discontent is more likely to prevail among people compelled to descend from a relatively high standard of living than among those who very slowly ascend from a low one.

The published Plan contains no information about the scale of armament. We do not know whether the percentage of national resources allocated to defense is to be increased or not. As the national income grows, however, the weapons represented by each per cent spent on armament increase accordingly. Thus, even if the proportion of the income that goes to defense were to remain stationary, arms production would still expand rapidly. On the other hand, as Russia's income is not likely to exceed fifty per cent of America's, Russia would have to spend at least twice the proportion on armament the United States is spending in order to produce approximately the same munitions.

An expenditure of this size would cripple the further development of heavy industry; and it seems that industrial expansion now has a definite priority over actual armament. The pressure of both armament and investment is, in any case, heavy enough to compel the government to put the brakes on some branches of the economy, even vital ones, while it quickens the tempo in others. The output of the motor industry, for instance, is to expand by only twenty per cent in five years, and in the transportation field



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emphasis is being shifted to railway construction.

The program of naval construction still seems rather modest, as far as surface vessels are concerned; but an intensive effort is probably being made in civil and military aviation. The plan also envisages an over-all one hundred per cent increase in stockpiling, on which six per cent of the country's income is usually spent. The Russian system of stockpiling is extremely different from the American; and it is conducted on a vast scale. Soviet stockpiling includes strategic materials and also all those raw materials, such as fuels and food, that ensure the smooth working of the civilian economy, and which, in the States, accumulate in the private channels of industry and trade. Both strategic and nonstrategic stocks are apparently to be built up to double their present size.

The race is on. But the goal—industrial parity with the United States—is far off. Further prospects depend on several very big imponderables. The Russian economy can continue to expand at the present pace only if:

War does not interrupt it.

The Russian rulers are able to go on keeping the people under control and exacting from them prolonged sacrifices.

No internal political convulsion, especially after Stalin's death, plunges the country into chaos.

Control over the countries in the Russian orbit does not lead to dispersal of Russian economic and military strength.

Primary production, manufacturing capacity, and the supply and training of labor progress at similar rates, so as to exclude any major economic disequilibrium.

The urge to ensure these conditions dictates Stalin's policies, foreign and domestic. It accounts for his dwelling on the "peaceful coexistence" of East and West—which does not rule out Russian attempts to paralyze, tie down, or neutralize as much western strength as possible. It governs Stalin's attitude toward China and eastern Europe. It also governs his attempts to stabilize the domestic political scene and settle in advance the succession to his leadership.

Should all these conditions be fulfilled, Russia may hope by 1970 to reach the level of economic development which the United States had attained by the middle of the century. However, unpredictable technical revolutions such as wide industrial utilization of atomic energy, together with the effective integration of the Chinese and Russian economies and the harnessing of eastern European resources, may enable Russia to reach the goal even earlier.

Question of the Century

Russia's rulers, viewing these grandiose vistas, must still be asking themselves where the United States will stand by 1970. Russia is on the point of outstripping the combined industrial power of western Europe, to which the last three decades have brought decay, destruction, or stagnation. Will the United States stagnate in the next two decades?

Or will the United States make such gigantic strides forward that Russia, having overstrained its strength in the race, will once again see the goal eluding it? This may well be the question of our century.

The Coming Battle For Morocco

THEODORE DRAPER

My first personal contact with Moroccan nationalism came in Tangier, the town that is so exciting to read about and so dull for those who have to live in it. I had a letter of introduction to a shopkeeper in the *medina,* as the Arab Quarter is called. A bright, sharp-faced young man answered guardedly that he would get in touch with me at my hotel after he had talked to his "friends." That evening he came to get me and we set off on foot mysteriously to an unknown destination. Whenever I asked him where we were going, he would say quietly, "We will be there soon."

To my surprise and disappointment, he stopped in front of one of the newest and biggest apartment buildings in the French Quarter. The man who opened the door quickly apologized that he had sent his maid away and that his wife was somewhere in Europe on vacation. He was a tall, handsome man in his middle thirties, very sure of himself, very sure of his good-looking business suit, his impeccable French, and his standing in one of the professions.

Before there was any serious talk, he produced a bottle of French wine. He was obviously very proud of it and he talked with nostalgia of his student days in Paris, with which the wine seemed to be linked emotionally. To show my nonpartisanship, I naïvely asked about Arabian wines. He explained regretfully that there was nothing comparable because Moslems were forbidden by their religion to touch intoxicating liquors.

We filled our glasses again.

As I met more nationalist leaders in Morocco itself, I got the feeling that there was a great deal to be learned in that bottle of French wine. There seemed to be a simple rule about most of the nationalists: The more time they had spent in a French university, the more "dangerous" they were likely to be.

When I mentioned this impression to

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an American resident in Casablanca, his response was: "We are all schizophrenic here. We are all being pulled in opposite directions, emotionally and intellectually. Sometimes I wake up in the morning feeling that the French haven't done such a bad job considering what they've been up against. But then the French do some fool thing in the afternoon, and I think to myself that maybe it would be better after all if they gave the Moroccans a chance to run the show their own way and make their own mistakes."

Whose Country?

In fact, in two places this "schizophrenia" seems to take on an almost physical existence. They are Rabat, the capital, and Casablanca, the booming industrial center. Elsewhere the French are still no more than tiny islands in a sea of Moroccans. But in Rabat and Casablanca, the islands have grown bigger than the sea. The modern sections of these two cities have become so large and impressive that they have made the *medinas* look like minor appendages. Since most Frenchmen are concentrated in these two spots, it is easy to understand why sometimes they do not quite know whose country it really is—theirs or the Moroccans'.

The Moroccan student who picked up his nationalism in Paris is not the only ironic twist for the French in Morocco. The problem of the sultan belongs in the same category.

Forty years ago, when the protectorate was born, the sultanate happened to be in one of its worst periods of decadence. As much as Mulai Hafiz feared the French, who were already installed at Casablanca, he feared the pretenders to his throne even more. When his brother, Abd-al-Aziz, threatened to regain the throne, he called on the French to save him, and the French were only too happy to oblige. There was a fee, of course, for the service: The sultan could control Morocco if France could control the sultan. This was, in essence, Marshal Louis Hubert Gonzalve Lyautey's policy of "indirect rule." As it turned out, Mulai Hafiz made a bad bargain for himself because the French forced him to abdicate after only a few months.

Though Lyautey made sure that his successor, Mulai Yusef, father of the present sultan, was a more amenable figurehead, the French still had much to do to cash in on the bargain. There was no point in controlling the sultan if the sultan did not control the country, and in those days the sultan's effective sovereignty did not extend much farther than the place he happened to be. The rest of the country was dominated by local chieftains or independent tribes. So the French set out to "pacify" the country—always in the name of the sultan. Lyautey was very scrupulous about this. After a chieftain or a tribe was subdued by French arms, the vow of fealty always went to the sultan, not to France.

Sidi Mohammed V

It took all of twenty-two years of intermittent warfare to achieve this "pacification." On the surface, for the first time in modern history, a single ruler governed a unified Morocco. It might almost be said that the French gave the country to the sultan. But, of course, they gave it to him in name only. The original Lyauteyist conception of the protectorate was to rule through him, to give him the shell and to keep the kernel of power.

The present sultan, Sidi Mohammed, owes his position to this system. As the French tell the story, when Mulai Yusef died in 1927, the *ulemas*, or learned doctors of Islamic law who determine the succession, were going to pass over his three sons in favor of an old uncle. The French Resident-General, Théodore Steeg, got wind of this, hastened before the college of *ulemas* and ordered them to choose Mulai Hafiz's youngest son, Mohammed, only seventeen years old. The *ulemas* listened obediently to their master's voice. The French preferred Mohammed because he was a timid, weak-looking young man who had lived almost his entire life under the protectorate and seemed to show no signs of an independent spirit.

To the French, then, it is all the more ironic, all the more galling, that today the virtual leader of Moroccan nationalism, the real source of their trouble, should be none other than His Majesty the Sultan, Sidi Mohammed V. First they unified the country around the sultanate; then they hand-picked the present sultan; and now, when they need his co-operation most, he refuses to act the role assigned him.

I saw a photograph on the table of my first nationalist acquaintance in Tangier that was completely symbolic. It was taken during the sultan's visit to Paris in 1950. It showed the former Moroccan student in Paris, now a nationalist partisan, at the sultan's side acting as his guide. Both had learned their lessons only too well.

Moroccan nationalism has its own schizophrenia. One part is religious or traditionalist. It looks backward in-

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stead of forward; it is the ancient battle of the Koran against the Bible, of Islam against Christianity, of the East against the West. Another part is political or modernist. It is inspired by western nationalism, to which it offers the highest form of praise. The nationalist organ published a poem in honor of Bastille Day this year with the lines: "July 14 is my holiday, our holiday, for us Moroccans."

Lunch in Fez

One afternoon near the ancient city of Fez, I had lunch with a group of Moroccan nationalists who represented both wings of the movement. The host was a rich merchant. A traditionalist, he did not permit his wife to appear. However, one of the younger men was married to a European woman, and she stayed with us. As we sat on cushions and looked out on a fragrant garden of jasmine and pomegranates, the old merchant calmly told how he had been arrested three times and had spent four years in prison for his political activities. The chief spokesman of the group was a glib young lawyer who had "emancipated" himself. Obviously he was in touch with the Istiqlal line. I asked him whether they were not afraid to carry on so openly. He laughed and said that they were so well known that another count against them would not matter.

All the nationalist leaders that I met, including Ahmed Balafrej, the secretary-general of the Istiqlal (meaning "Independence") movement, were intellectuals or businessmen. They were typical of the strongly nationalist urban middle class which has attempted to gain power in Iran and in Egypt as well as in North Africa. Most of them would have just as much to lose from Communism as would their enemies, the French. Indeed, the social distance between these nationalist leaders and the masses behind them is much greater than between them and the French.

As nationalist movements go, the Moroccan one is comparatively new. A few young intellectuals organized committees and parties in the 1920's and 1930's, but they were agitating mainly among themselves. Out of this formative period, however, came the two outstanding leaders: Allal el Fassi, a former professor at Karaouine University in Fez, and Ahmed Balafrej, a graduate of the Sorbonne and by profession a schoolteacher. They were not yet bold enough to demand a revolutionary change; they merely wanted reforms within the protectorate. Both have spent long periods in prison or exile.

America's Role

The present stage of the Moroccan nationalist movement dates only from the Second World War. The French defeat in Europe in 1940 destroyed the legend of French invincibility. Unsure of itself, the French administration in Morocco tended to loosen up. The turning point was undoubtedly the Allied landing at Casablanca in 1942. Since General Noguès, the French Resident-General, was faithful to Marshal Pétain and refused to co-operate, we had to by-pass him. On the other hand, the sultan came out strongly for the Allies. About three hundred thousand Moroccan troops were armed with American equipment.

The French attribute most of their present troubles in Morocco to this period. In the first place, the sultan suddenly emerged as the key figure. The protectorate treaty of 1912 had given France charge of Moroccan foreign affairs, and this had been converted to mean that no foreigner could have any contact with the sultan without French permission. Whether or not President Roosevelt was aware of this—for the French—all-important tradition, he swept it aside when he came to Casablanca in January, 1943. The sultan infuriated the French by asking for and getting a private interview with the President. According to the sultan, the President promised to work for Morocco's future independence. Then the President infuriated the French by virtually ignoring General Noguès and engaging the sultan in intimate conversation at a dinner party. According to Elliot Roosevelt, when the sultan asked the President about France's future role, he "remarked cheerfully" that the prewar and postwar scenes would "of course" differ sharply, "especially as they related to colonial questions."

Ever since, the United States has been one of the most crucial and most controversial factors in the Moroccan problem. The French are angry because President Roosevelt made such commitments and the Moroccans are angry because we have not kept them.

The nationalist movement made such progress during the war that in 1944 it was reorganized on a larger and more extreme basis as the Istiqlal Party. Then it demanded "complete independence" under the rule of Sultan Mohammed V. While thousands of American troops were standing around, the French cracked down and immediately arrested the Istiqlal leaders. The bitter struggle, which has just reached the United Nations, was on.

Mohammed V sorely disappointed the French. He grew up to be an up-to-date, strong-willed young monarch who refused to be a puppet as the protectorate required. He made no secret of his sympathies with the Istiqlal. He has made speeches demanding social

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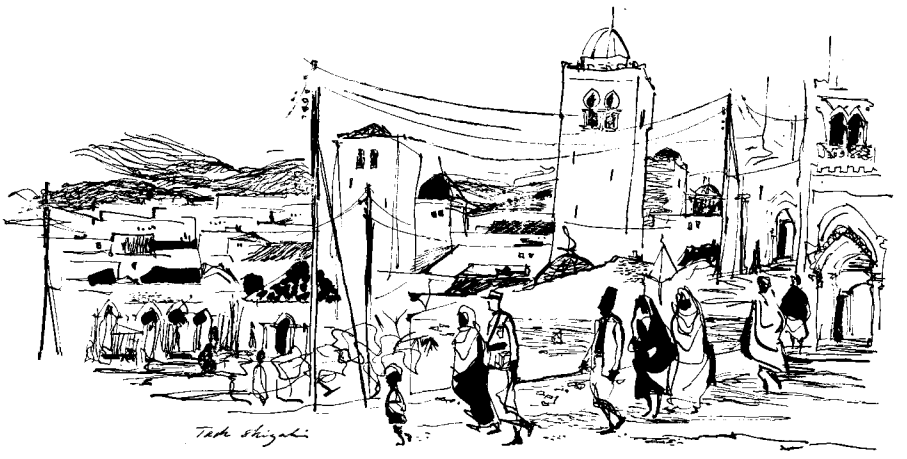

reforms in public health and education, and even free trade-unionism. At the same time he is considered a devout Moslem and takes his religious duties very seriously. His eldest son, Moulay Hassan, is particularly abhorred by the French as a nationalist firebrand. The eldest daughter, Lalla Ayisha, led a campaign to get the Moroccan women to remove their veils. Since the sultan's authority is religious as well as political, he holds together the two tendencies of the nationalist movement. By making an alliance with him, the Istiqlal has been able to tap the reservoirs of religious fanaticism in the masses.

Sultan vs. General

Unlike the Istiqlal, however, the sultan does not speak of independence. He uses phrases like "the legitimate rights of the Moroccan people," which gives him much more room to maneuver in negotiations. He has come out openly for an end to the original treaty of 1912, but he has offered to negotiate a new treaty which would also safeguard "legitimate" French rights—whatever that means. In other words, the sultan and the Istiqlal seem to represent a division of labor, the one moderate and flexible, the other extremist and inflammatory.

At first the French tried to ignore the sultan's increasingly unconventional behavior. But when this no longer became possible, it was decided to invite him to Paris and to attempt to win him over with an unprecedented tribute of pomp and ceremony. Instead, the sultan's visit in October, 1950, signaled the first open break. He accepted all the honors and took advantage of the occasion to demand in writing a new treaty. This left the French with a most embarrassing dilemma: whether to permit him to join forces openly with the Istiqlal or to get a new sultan.

It did not take long for General (now Marshal) Alphonse Juin, then Resident-General, to strike back. Two more contradictory personalities would be hard to imagine. Juin is a soldier of the old school who likes brutal bluntness. The sultan is a past master of subtle Oriental allusions. In a stormy scene on January 26, 1951, General Juin virtually ordered the sultan to make a public disavowal of the Istiqlal and to dismiss the nationalist sympathizers from his entourage. When the sultan in effect refused, Juin threatened to depose him. (The sultan says the threat was explicit; the Marshal has never admitted it.) In any case, this encounter ended inconclusively because Juin had to leave for Washington and gave the sultan until his return to think it over.

Then followed two weeks of near violence. Berber tribesmen traditionally faithful to the French came down from the hills to besiege the sultan's palace. The French say that they came to show their enmity for the nationalists; the nationalists say that they were organized on false pretenses by the French. When General Juin renewed his pressure on February 12, the sultan again refused to capitulate. The crisis lasted two more weeks until, on February 25, the sultan agreed under duress to sign a French ultimatum. It settled nothing, of course, except possibly the fact that nothing could be settled. In March of this year, the sultan returned to the offensive with a memorandum to Paris again demanding a new treaty. Seven months have passed and Paris has not yet been able to decide on an answer.

So Mohammed V is still living in one of his dozen royal palaces while Marshal Juin has been kicked upstairs as commander of the NATO ground forces in Europe.

The Flood of Francs

As a result of some rumors that I had heard in Paris, I asked Istiqlal leader Ahmed Balafrej, who is still in his early forties, whether the Istiqlal did not fear that the sultan might come to terms with the French—terms favorable to his own personal power but inconsistent with the Istiqlal's program. Balafrej replied with more candor than I had expected:

"The sultan will never make such an agreement with the French because he would be isolated without the Istiqlal and then the French would be able to deal with him alone. No doubt His Majesty has understood why Farouk was chased out of Egypt."

In the face of this nationalist upsurge, the first impulse of the average Frenchman in Morocco is to cry with unfeigned pride and passion: "Look what we have done here! Can anyone deny our remarkable achievements?"

And, it must be admitted, the French achievements in Morocco have been truly remarkable—for themselves. By now the French have too much at stake in Morocco to take any risks of losing it.

After the Second World War, a spectacular flight of capital from France to Morocco began. Perhaps as much as two hundred billion francs have poured in, and they are still coming in massive waves of investment. Three things lured them chiefly. The capital tax in Morocco is only fifteen per cent, less than a third of France's. Mineral deposits provided a lucative basis for Moroccan industrialization. The more enterprising French businessmen have been deserting Europe in fear of a third World War.

So Moroccan nationalism and French investments have been engaging in a postwar race, as if to cancel out each other. In the first thirty-five years of the protectorate, about three hundred thousand Frenchmen came to Morocco; in the last five years alone, about 150,000 have emigrated. The big money has gone into the mining of phosphates, lead, zinc, manganese, cobalt, and other minerals, but important industries have risen in the electrical, building, chemical, textile, leather, and canning fields. French in-

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dustry in France could use a bit of the boom spirit of French industry in Morocco.

East Meets West

Most of the get-rich-quick money and mentality have concentrated in Casablanca. Hollywood will have to remake its image of Humphrey Bogart's former headquarters. In 1891, an American traveler, Arthur Leared, described the town, which had a population of about twenty thousand, as "the dirtiest, most tumble-down place ever seen." Today, with 650,000, over double the prewar figure, the French call it "the New York of Morocco." There is so much construction of ten-to-fifteen story buildings going on that it seems impossible to get a quiet hotel room. When I mentioned this minor grievance to a town official, he cheerfully gave me the stupendous story in statistics: Construction amounted to 7.5 billion francs in 1947 (first year of the boom), nine billion in 1948, 10.5 in 1949, eleven in 1950, sixteen in 1951, and seventeen in the first six months of 1952.

Yet the grip of implacable forces is nowhere more clearly visible than in Casablanca. Since 1912, the process of increasing industrialization has transformed one million Moroccan peasants into urban proletarians. In Casablanca itself, about 125,000 of them live in a huge, squalid, teeming "Bidonville," which is literally a town of tin-can hovels, the conditions of life even worse than in the ancient *medinas*. If the French authorities fear the nationalism of the Moroccan middle class, they dread even more the prospect that it may flare up among these declassed tribesmen. They have refused to permit Moroccan trade unions which the Istiqlal would dominate and prefer the lesser evil of the French Communist-controlled CGT.

Small wonder, then, that Moroccans do not regard westernization as an unmixed blessing. Yet the French variety of Moroccan schizophrenia is especially susceptible on this point.

General Augustin Guillaume, the able and charming Resident-General, gave me a little lecture on the geography and history of Morocco in front of a large table map in relief in his office. I must confess I was not at all prepared for the fervor of his summing up: "Few people realize that Morocco is a western country, even farther west than France. Geography put it in the West. Unfortunately, history put it in the East. Our mission is to bring it back to the West historically as well as geographically."

But when I took the liberty to point out the paradox that the most westernized Moroccans were precisely the most nationalistic and least co-operative, General Guillaume smiled disarmingly and drew back a little. "Perhaps we have westernized them too quickly," he added quietly.

Independence and Stability?

However, there is at least one thing on which both French and Moroccans agree—that the Americans cannot make up their minds. We occupy an unenviable position in the middle, courted by both sides and abused by both sides.

Our policy favors the eventual independence of Morocco. It also favors political stability in Morocco. When we mention independence, we disturb the French. When we counsel stability, we disillusion the Moroccans. Just now, it seems, in large part because of our five new airbases in Morocco, we are more interested in stability than in anything else. Yet this year we managed to get into the worst tangle of all. We refused to surrender our "capitulatory" rights because, we argued at the Hague, we had never formally recognized the French protectorate. On the other hand, the airbase agreement was made exclusively with the French and the sultan was not even notified about it as a gesture of courtesy.

Last Stand of the French

As matters stand, the Moroccan problem is bound to grow larger and larger. It is not ready to burst, like the Tunisian crisis, because the Moroccan nationalist movement is still much weaker than the Tunisian. However, there is much more at stake in Morocco and both sides are girding for a much bigger battle. French officials are rather resigned to some form of compromise in Tunisia, if only they could retreat gracefully and save as much as possible. But Tunisia is a relatively poor, agrarian country. From what General Guillaume told me, I gathered that the French government has no intention of making any political concessions in Morocco. Morocco will be the last stand of the French in North Africa, if necessary. General Juin was not speaking for himself alone when he threatened that France, or at least his France, would get out of NATO before it would get out of Morocco.

The real question is not what the Moroccan nationalists will do today or tomorrow but what they will do in the event of an international emergency. France had relatively little trouble in Morocco during the last two World Wars. If there is a next time, it may be much harder. Meanwhile, the gap continues to widen. Some relief from the gathering storm would be possible on the cultural and economic levels, if any political agreement must be ruled out. Unfortunately, almost no advantage is taken of the attraction of Moroccan intellectuals for French culture as distinct from French policy. Virtually all the new capital invested in the country is exclusively French and no effort is made to give the Moroccan middle class a stake in the build-up.

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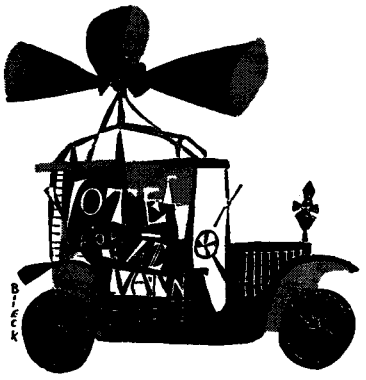


The Vote-Getters of Lake County, Indiana

WARNER BLOOMBERG, JR.

A FRIEND of mine, a man with whom I work in a steel mill here in Gary, Indiana, once remarked to me: "If I wanted to run for office, I'd try to get PAC to endorse my opponent. Then I'd be sure to win!" He has since been elected a precinct captain in Gary's Democratic Party and a delegate to the state convention without, so far as I know, using that technique.

Especially during these campaign days, the newspapers and magazines are full of sweeping general statements of praise or damnation for the CIO's Political Action Committee. But, after nearly two years of activity in PAC, I believe that it is like the parent CIO—not homogeneous, not easily understood, not amenable to simple labeling. It is rather a sort of great political basket containing a variety of purposes and personalities.

Political action among the Auto Workers, for instance, is different in many ways from political action among the Steelworkers. The Steelworkers of Valparaiso, Indiana, a small county seat south of the Gary suburb where I live, have nothing to compare with the high-powered machine here in Gary and the other heavily industrial areas hereabouts.

The First Congressional District of Indiana includes a southern fringe of farms and small towns as well as the wealthy, urban, Republican stronghold of Hammond. But it is wholly dominated by Gary and its much smaller steel-town neighbor, East Chicago. It is a one-county district, and Lake County today is synonymous with steel, the CIO, and the Democratic Party.

In Gary and East Chicago the mayors appear on the stages at Steelworkers strike rallies to reassure the workers who elected them of their allegiance to the strikers' cause. The city council of Gary passed a resolution expressing approval of Truman's seizure of the steel mills before the issue went to the Supreme Court. To defeat a Democratic municipal judge who had received the endorsement of PAC required the combined affects of the generally pro-Republican Women's Crime Commission, the indignation of much of the middle class over rumors of corruption, and a tremendous early snowstorm that stalled hundreds of cars scheduled to deliver workers to the polling places. If it hadn't snowed, the Democrat would not have lost.

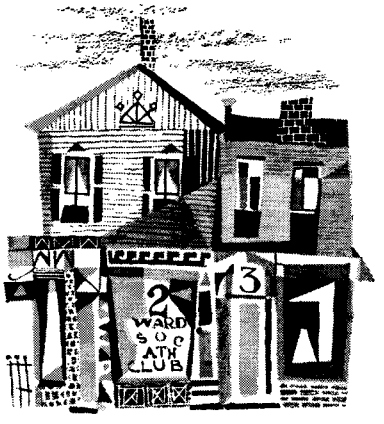
A Few Misgivings

Not all of the union leaders active in Lake County PAC view these accomplishments with unqualified approval. A year ago the First and Second District PAC organizations held a joint annual convention in Valparaiso. The achievements of the Lake County Steelworkers had been recited monotonously by the politically important but rather unimaginative leader, John Truchan, who was in charge of the ceremony. In a low monotone he told of questionnaires sent out to candidates seeking endorsement, of the distribution of lists of endorsed candidates, of plans for transportation to carry workers to the polls.

An official from one of the largest Lake County Steelworkers' locals got up. "Let's face the truth!" he shouted angrily. "We haven't done the job! We don't have honest-to-God Political Action Committees in our local unions. Our people don't really look to the union for guidance. We haven't reached our people. That's the job we have to do!"

The outspoken critic of PAC might have had a number of things in mind. He might have been thinking about the substantial antagonism to PAC one encounters among the rank and file in the Gary mills. He may have been remembering that the busloads of workers the PAC delivered in Cleveland—the greatest registration and turnout of labor in that city's history—helped deliver Cuyahoga County to Taft. He might have had in mind the piles of literature printed for the purpose of educating workers—literature that is seldom seen in the hands of the men on the plant floor, in the taverns, or in their homes.

No one can be sure whether the workers of Gary vote as Lake County PAC recommends because of its recommendations or in spite of them. Theirs is a Democratic tradition. They have always tended to favor pro-labor tub-thumpers like Representative Ray Madden. Moreover, the memory of the anti-labor, union-busting Republican administrations that once ruled Gary is still strong. Many times I have been told by older workers that a man who wanted to get ahead in the mill before the union was established didn't dare let it be known that he favored the Democrats. Nevertheless, the specter of Taft's Ohio victory still haunts some of Gary's CIO leaders, just as the



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knowledge of the PAC ideals irritates an occasionally sensitive conscience.

It is easy for the bystander to be dismayed at the marriage of the materialistic and sometimes corrupt Democratic Party of Lake County to the labor movement that so many liberal intellectuals hoped would rejuvenate American political life. The great good that has been accomplished in Gary by PAC is less visible, much harder to evaluate.

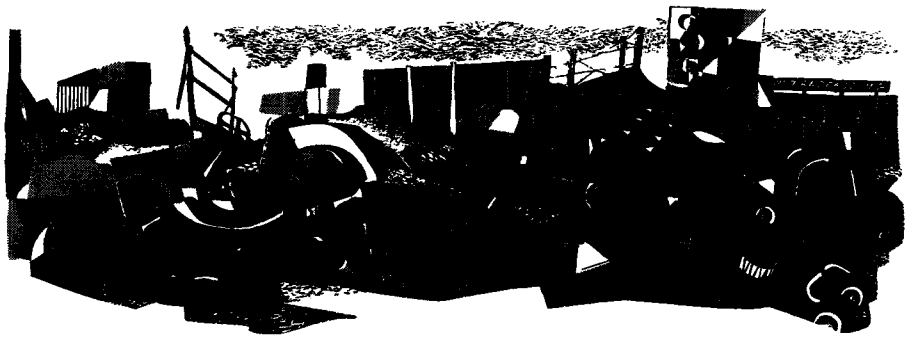
'One of Us'

A majority of the men in the mills of Gary are no more than a generation removed, if that, from homes where English was not spoken, where reading and writing were generally unknown arts, and where American political processes were traditionally summed up by that bitter stereotype about politicians: "They're all crooks!" Government, local as well as state and national, was acknowledged to "belong" to those persons and groups whose station in life did not require them to live from paycheck to paycheck, did not force them out of school at the end of the eighth grade, did not leave them helpless before judges, process servers, shysters, and cops. The alienation of the millworkers and their families from the mainstream of our political life was deep and nearly complete.

Yet, before the last municipal election, I listened to the men in the locker-room at the mill talk confidently about the local situation. "Pete can't come in—he got that ol' judge on his back!" "Five gets ya ten on that judge. Put up or shut up!" "Pete" is Peter Mancich, Gary's new mayor. In both the primary and the election he was the choice of the dominant group in the Gary CIO. He is a familiar type to the men in the mills, not unlike their own local union leaders.

Again, at the state Democratic convention, the delegation from Lake County included a large number of men whose faces I'd seen out at the mill or down at Philip Murray Hall. They would go back to their departments and brag how "We picked a hot ticket for this fall!" Nor were so many of them prone to follow unquestioningly the dictates of the old-line political bosses, as is usually the case among the delegates to these state conventions. Deriving their income from the mill job, their power from the union, they have much more freedom than the precinct captain or delegate who is beholden for job and prestige to the "party of his choice."

This blending of the CIO and the Democratic Party in Lake County has produced a sort of local "labor government." In East Chicago, for example, municipal officers did nothing to clear pickets from a drawbridge over a waterway through which a U.S. Steel cargo ship was waiting to pass. A court injunction finally opened the bridge. But this is not in any sense a class-conscious labor government such as can be found in European municipalities, and most of the personnel come from elsewhere than the mills. It is a typically American product, a patronage system in a community where workers are in the majority, where most of the workers are Democrats, and where these workers feel for the first time that they have the substantial influence on the conduct of government which our political theory attributes to the majority.



A Conservative District

While Lake County PAC can be described as a going concern, the CIO's Political Action Committee in the Second District must be spoken of in terms of individuals. Between elections perhaps a dozen people have made its existence a fact rather than a figment of political imagination. During these periods of inactivity only four or five men and women appear regularly at the monthly meetings that are held in rotation among towns separated in some cases by nearly a hundred miles.

Relatively few of the little industries and manufacturing shops in the small towns of the Second District are organized. There are perhaps a dozen CIO locals, with memberships ranging from several score to several hundred. In some towns millworkers are still considered second-class citizens by those who "run things." Labor has a minority voice in town affairs even where it is strongest—in such places as Logansport and Lafayette. The Ku Klux Klan once rode in southern parts of the Second District, and the Republicanism of many of its residents makes Senator Jenner look a little radical.

It is forbidding ground for a CIO politician. Republicans like Senators Capehart and Jenner and Representative Charles Halleck have long harvested a bumper crop of ballots with hardly any effort. The membership of the AFL, longer and better established in the District than the CIO, tends to be politically inactive. In spite of both organizations, a great many of the workers who do vote continue their family tradition of casting straight Republican ballots. The Democrats, among whom so many CIO unionists have found political homes, are only somewhat friendlier to labor than the Republicans in Second District. Like their hero and leader, Governor Henry Schricker (now running for Senator against Jenner), they belong to that honesty-efficiency-states-rights school of conservative Democrats who also "view with alarm" the materialism and corruption of the industrial big cities where the CIO has its greatest political strength.

'Not Much Going On'

The first time I attended a PAC meeting in the Second District, the election of 1950 was upon us and over a dozen members from various local unions were present. There was an air of excitement and confidence, and many remarks about "bettering what we did in '48."

In 1950 enough money was collected from various sources to publish, in collaboration with the Democrats, several pieces of campaign literature for dis-

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tribution to the CIO membership in the Second District. Most of the local unions, or at least the few interested members of each, provided cars to help get the membership to the polls. But in 1950 and again in 1951, all the 1948 and 1949 gains were wiped out, and conservative, anti-union Republican rule was restored to the counties and townships and towns throughout most

of the Second District. The only straw for tired CIO'ers to grasp was the continued diminution of Halleck's still ample majority.

Then followed dismal winter meetings attended by the three or six or eight who, motivated by a little hope and a lot of habit, kept alive the bare substance of the organization which would again be the nucleus of political action when election fever started again. At these meetings the same words came again and again from the same mouths: "We've still got to organize the unorganized in Second District." "If only we could get on the radio to answer some of those lies!" "There's not much going on down our way." "We ought to stop spreading ourselves so thin." "This is an important issue and every union member ought to write his Congressman."

The 'Good Meetings'

Once, after a meeting attended by five people, I asked Paul English, the tall, thin, always re-elected chairman of Second District PAC, what was the use of this monotonous round. Paul and his wife, Elizabeth, have fought for unionism and union political action since the earliest days of the CIO and even before. He laughed and said, "Hell, Bud, this ain't bad! You should have been here when we started. I'd hate to count the meetings where me and one or two others sat and looked at each other. We've come a long way since then. We've got a long way to go, but we've kept the organization alive and we have some good meetings now and then."

It is from these occasional "good meetings" that these men, who have so seldom tasted even the most meager fruits of victory, take hope and renew their determination. I shall always remember a meeting in Valparaiso when a few of us from the CIO and a few members of local farm organizations sat down together in a room at the County Courthouse to discuss "The Economic Interests of Farmers and Factory Workers." Albert Wehling, a politically active professor of political science at Valparaiso University, was our moderator. We began with mutual suspicions and aired our particular accusations—high food prices and the farmers' failure to recognize common interests with factory labor; high prices for farm machinery and factory workers' easy eight-hour day and numerous strikes. Then, as hours passed unnoticed, Wehling led a lively examination of each charge and countercharge. Wives became excited and joined in. Antagonisms melted away. Suddenly it was past closing time for the Courthouse, and the janitor adjourned the meeting.

Afterwards, over pie and coffee at a local beanery, I expressed my naïve hope for more such meetings soon. Paul and Elizabeth smiled and nodded. "You know," she said, "a meeting like this can keep you going for a year."

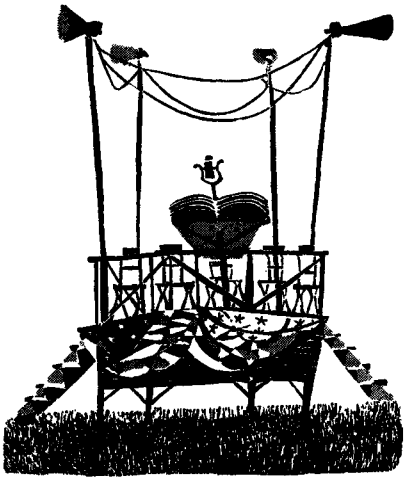
Again, there was the meeting in a little town farther south attended by fifteen women of the Garment Workers. H. J. Noel, State Director of Indiana PAC, was there to give a report on events in Washington. Noel, who came from the ranks of South Bend's Auto Workers, has the huge job of creating and maintaining political interest and activity in over three hundred Indiana local unions. To his report he appended a summary of Congressman Halleck's voting record and lawmaking activities. Afterwards one of the women spoke up to say that she would never vote again for Halleck. One after another they confessed that they had voted time and again for Halleck. "We never really knew anything about him," said another of the women. "Some of us knew his brother George. He's a doctor and a real nice guy so we voted for Charles."

A few weeks ago Paul and Elizabeth told me about another "good meeting" from which they had just returned. "There was a young fellow from the Communication Workers," said Elizabeth. "He was really excited about political action and so full of fire and energy that it was hard to tie him down and get him started on one or two of the jobs that have to be done."

Patiently, Ploddingly

Just as it is easy to criticize away the good done by the First District CIO-Democratic machine, so it is easy to overlook the accomplishments of these few members of the CIO who patiently, ploddingly, with more persistence than imagination, carry on the work of the Political Action Committee in Indiana's Second District. Many of us who are still rather dazzled by the New Deal revolution find it hard to accept the notion that some victories must be won by small accretions: an effective act of communication, a few more factory workers casting ballots, and more discussion of Congressmen's records among people who ordinarily shrink from speaking up even in their own union affairs. These are the methods by which the CIO's vote-getters in the Second District endlessly chip away at the traditions of conservatism and anti-union Republicanism.

Though their resources are meager and their accomplishments minor, they are solving problems which the operators of the Lake County machine may



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some day face. The effort in the Second District is more genuinely bipartisan. Participation in the Republican Party as well as in the Democratic is encouraged, partly out of respect to the predispositions of the membership, partly in deference to the ideal of bipartisanship to which PAC supposedly adheres. The union men and women can and do minimize the role of patronage and act largely in terms of a program, however imperfectly it may now be conceived.

In the First District a single international has established a PAC organization from the top down, making use of a precinct and patronage system long established by a friendly Democratic Party. In the Second District a few individuals from various scattered local unions work on and on trying to build from the bottom up an educated workingman electorate that will participate effectively in both parties, guided by the legislative philosophy and the specific recommendations of the parent CIO. At the present time the Second District PAC'ers, who have almost never won, cannot help but look with admiration and envy at the vote-delivering machine of their union brothers in Lake County. Over the long run, the situation may be reversed.

Helping Elect the Great White Father

OLIVER La FARGE

IN MID-AUGUST General Eisenhower made history of a sort when he visited Gallup, New Mexico, for a full-dress, candidate's appearance before the Indians of many tribes gathered there for Gallup's annual Indian shindig. Presidential candidates in the past have made publicity by receiving war bonnets, and they have occasionally made a gesture toward Indian voters, but none had ever before in any way bothered with the Indians of Arizona and New Mexico.

The Eisenhower move was not mere publicity seeking. It was arranged by canny local politicos confronting the strange new fact that in the two Southwestern states the Indian vote can be decisive.

Two suits, one before the Arizona supreme court, the other in New Mexico before a special Federal court, gave the Indians of those states the vote in 1948. Having that right was new and strange. The Indians are still mulling it over. Their balloting plans and points of view are as diverse as their languages and their ancient customs. Even so, in 1948 their relatively light vote did determine the fate of some candidates. Now, after four years of studying the process, they are becoming a factor that cannot be ignored.

The 1950 census figures on Indian population are not yet available; the best estimates are about 45,000 Indians in New Mexico out of a total population of 681,187, and 70,000 in Arizona out of 749,587. A rapidly increasing minority, they have a high proportion of members under twenty-one, and this year's potential voting populations are probably no more than 20,000 and 30,000 respectively in the two states.

Indian feeling about voting ranges from eagerness to fear. Indians are jealous of their special status as "wards" of the Federal government—which does not mean wardship as we usually understand it. (The late Vice-President Charles Curtis was such a "ward" and refused to let his status be changed.) They are particularly anxious to avoid having their land subjected to taxation, both for economic reasons and because this exemption is the symbol of their position.

Voting vs. Fertility

To the aborigines of the Southwest, not voting had long been a part of the whole pattern. They wondered what other changes the right to vote might bring with it. Then a number of their friends, some well-meaning, some not, told them that if they voted their land would be taxed. (One of the noteworthy things about people living in the "Indian country" is how much they think they know, and how much they don't know, about Indians.) The rumor of the relationship between voting and the land tax, pure fabrication though it is, has spread widely, and has been particularly effective among the conservative, mistrustful Pueblo Indians of New Mexico and their cultural brethren, the Hopis of Arizona.

This and other equally naïve fears, it happens, will operate this year against the Republicans. Two of the largest pueblos, Santo Domingo and Taos, with a voting strength of about fifteen hundred, are ardently hostile to the present administration of the Indian Bureau and hence oppose the Democrats. Both tribes are so afraid of voting that their governments—tight, effective theocracies—will forbid it. A few young Taos may sneak into town and cast a ballot, but I shall be astonished if a single Domingo follows suit. The largest pueblos that have accepted voting, on the other hand, such as Isleta and Laguna, are on fairly good terms with the Indian Bureau and will turn in a good many Democratic votes.

The complexity of the Indian approach to voting is almost caricatured

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by the position of certain extremist Hopis in Arizona. God, they claim, gave them the only true ways of worship and of life, and entrusted to them a vast area of land from which the heathens, Indian and white, have driven them into a narrow compass. They must remain pure and maintain perfect ceremonies until the day when the Messiah comes to establish the millennium, when all men will acknowledge their position and will follow the Hopi way and ritual. If they acknowledge in any way the sovereignty of those who have dispossessed them, they will lose their purity. A prime form of acknowledgment would be to sign an official document. Therefore, if they should register, their ceremonies would stop. Then there would be no more rain, crops, or babies, and the whole world would shrivel away.

Tweedledem and Tweedlerep

The two major parties in the Southwest are very much alike. Even for white men, the differences between the two on the national level are differences of present policy, of degrees of compromise between incompatible groups, rather than long-term consistent historical differences of political doctrine. Those white men who have temerariously undertaken through interpreters to explain the two parties to Indians have generally succeeded only in hopelessly confusing their listeners and themselves.

The Southwestern Indians, free of our hereditary loyalties, as yet see no basis for permanent affiliation with parties as such. Their choices are made on specific, immediate grounds of personalities, present issues affecting themselves, and their intimate, continuous entanglement with the Federal government through the Indian Bureau and Congress, which performs for them most of the functions we expect from our state legislatures.

Several factors incline them toward the Republicans—that is, toward the party that happens to be out. Congress is obviously a cumbersome and often unresponsive body when it comes to local legislation for scattered, dissimilar communities. Its errors are blamed on the party in power. The Indian Bureau handles services that the rest of us expect from a dozen or more local, state, and national agencies. No one ever really likes government agencies with

which he must deal, and the Indian Bureau is often inept, to put it mildly. The Indians wish to keep the Bureau, but they are permanently irritated by it, and likely to think that any change may be for the better.

Kick-the-Bureau Vote

This irritation is heightened in 1952 by the unpopularity of the present Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Dillon S. Myer. With exceptions, one of which will be noted below, he has been unusually effective in annoying Indians all over the United States, as well as the many non-Indians (organized into a number of religious and civic associations) interested in Indian advancement. The party in power takes the blame for the Bureau and its Commissioner.

Indian veterans, some five thousand in the two states, intend to vote. Most of them will vote for Eisenhower. Among the Navajos and Apaches, with their warlike traditions, there is admiration for a great war chief. These factors pull for the Republicans.

Many tribes, on the other hand, know that the policies of the past twenty years have enabled them to advance themselves enormously. Under the Democrats their tribal governments were legalized and given power; they received capital loans; education was improved; they were able to form corporations and set up a variety of enterprises. The Democratic record of achievement for Indians is extremely spotty, but where it is best, Indians have advanced themselves more in the past twenty years than in the previous sixty since the fighting tribes of the Southwest were tamed. Where this advancement has occurred and the effect of it has not been overlaid by quarrels in the last few years, gratitude and a sense of confidence work for the Democrats.

Pyling Up Hostility

Setting aside the Navajos as a special case, most of the Arizona tribes are studying politics with few of the doubts that beset the Pueblos and Hopis. Such tribes as the Papagos, Apaches, Pimas, and Maricopas, to name only a few, are exchanging views and studying state as well as national candidates. The Indians of San Carlos, the most progressive and interesting of the Apaches, have set up a special franchise committee of their tribal council, which is disseminating information through the tribal newsletter. Registration among these tribes is largely Democratic, for realistic reasons in a normally Democratic state, but does not necessarily indicate how they will vote.

Howard Pyle, the Republican Governor of Arizona, owes his upset election two years ago largely to the Indian vote. He had promised the Indians to act vigorously to end discrimination—notably in the matter of Arizona's refusal, at the cost of losing a Federal subsidy, to include Indians in its crippled children's program. Instead, he signed a further bill cutting off all reservation Indians from support for the adult crippled and permanently disabled, again at the cost of Federal funds. When leaders such as Clarence Wesley of the Apaches challenged him for breaking his promises, he attacked them as "agitators." These men, who campaigned for him in 1950, are now working against him.

Barry Goldwater, Arizona's Republi-

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can candidate for the Senate, is harmed in Indian eyes by his association with Pyle and his outspoken belief that Indians should be turned over to the states—in the teeth of Arizona's actions mentioned above. Nonetheless, the Indians like him personally, and have confidence in his integrity and in his real sympathy with them, while the Democratic incumbent, Ernest W. McFarland, has failed to deliver on a number of matters.

The Arizona Indians like Ike; they dislike Pyle; they are divided as between the two Senatorial candidates. They are now studying the problem, serious to inexperienced voters, of marking split ballots. If they can't manage that, antipathy to Pyle is likely to hurt the whole Republican ticket.

Bidugai Tlizhin Dewey

In northern Arizona and New Mexico are 70,000 Navajos, of whom about 40,000 are on the Arizona side. (This, again, is an estimate.) They are largely illiterate and non-English-speaking; I doubt that fifteen per cent can understand a newspaper. Impoverished, riddled with untreated disease, they are the twenty-year Democratic Administration's greatest failure, and the failure has filled them with bitterness.

The Arizona Navajos are the most ignorant. They are scattered thinly over an enormous rugged desert country in which there is very little communication. Illiteracy and the sheer difficulty of getting to a polling place will keep many from voting. Those who do vote will consult the traders who live among them, and it is a curious fact that in a Democratic state, most traders among the Navajos are strong Republicans. The Arizona Navajo vote will be light and mostly Republican, althought a few will go Democratic for the same reason that some New Mexico Navajos will.

New Mexico, with its tradition of voting sheep, cattle, and tombstones, is one of our gaudier states politically. Among other oddities is the fact that it has no literacy or language test for voters. Every adult Navajo in the state, therefore, is eligible. These are not voters who will split their tickets; if they go to the polls, they will go to put their "X" in the circle under the symbol they have memorized. In 1948, knowing their hostility to the Administration at that time, smart local Republicans brought them in by the truckload to register and to vote for *Bidugai Tlizhin,* "Black Mustache."

These Navajos live more compactly than their Arizona brethren. There is something of a concentration of tribal leaders in New Mexico or just over the border, men who are far from naïve. The Navajos have no quarrel with the present Commissioner. Their leaders know that the Democrats put through the Navajo-Hopi Rehabilitation Act, on which their hopes are pinned, that President Truman has personally interested himself in their problems, and that Democrats again secured the large appropriation by means of which the rehabilitation program is now being put into effect.

They are also annoyed with the state's Republican administration, due to its Director of Public Welfare, Alva A. Simpson, Jr., who has been very vocal on Indian matters. Rightly or wrongly, they suspect that Mr. Simpson wants their appropriations reduced and that he thinks that second-rate schools and hospitals are good enough for Indians. In the Senatorial race, they know that the Democratic incumbent, Dennis Chavez, has worked hard for their appropriations. Opposed to him is Patrick J. Hurley, former Secretary of War and personal ambassador for President Roosevelt. On the subject of Indians Hurley waxes lyrical until he sounds like an old-time mammy singer, but he is vague and his record is nonexistent.

Four years ago, Sam Ahkeah, chairman of the Navajo Tribal Council and a resident of New Mexico, was intensely anti-Democratic. This year, as soon as he heard of Eisenhower's projected appearance at Gallup, he wired Governor Stevenson, inviting him to visit the Navajo Fair. The Navajo Republicans are wavering. How widely the views of such leaders have spread it is difficult even to guess, but they have had considerable effect.

Chief Adlai's Mistake

Stevenson passed through New Mexico and spoke in Albuquerque while the Navajo Fair was going on at Window Rock, two hundred miles away. It would have been easy to fly him in there, if only for half an hour's appearance, but that was not done. By that little omission, the chance to cure the New Mexico Navajos of Republicanism before it became a habit may have been lost.

New Mexico is another Democratic state with a Republican Governor, elected by the votes of disgusted Democrats. With two years of patronage, the Republicans have been hard at work building their machine, and now, with Eisenhower's coattails to ride on, they are within reaching distance of carrying the state on a party basis. The few thousand Navajo votes may be enough to swing the election.

The Navajos are increasing in population by nearly a thousand a year. Their young people are scrambling desperately for education. In future elections, more and more of them will go to the polls in both states; they already are conscious of the importance of the vote. It is entirely possible that, because Eisenhower stopped at Gallup and Stevenson did not find time to stop at Window Rock, they will contract the Republican habit. If they do, they may change the political complexion of two states in the years to come.

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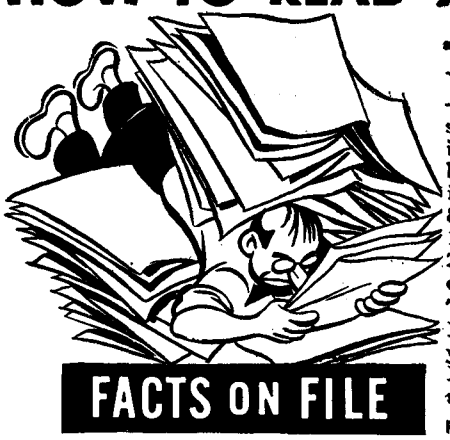

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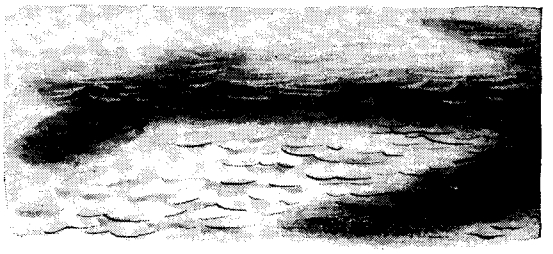

Mainbrace: NATO Carriers on Guard

WILLIAM H. HESSLER

EXERCISE MAINBRACE, held late in September, was the first large-scale air-sea maneuver conducted by NATO in north Europe. It brought together more than 150 warships, many hundreds of aircraft, and about 180,000 men from eight Allied countries and New Zealand. MAINBRACE was observed by a cosmopolitan army of news correspondents—by some with open-eyed wonder, by others with the cynical boredom the press loves to cultivate.

This elaborate sequence of maneuvers was dissected by a throng of admirals, generals, and air marshals in the subsequent critique in Oslo. But the most searching scrutiny of its larger implications, we may fairly suspect, was made in Moscow, and is still subject to revision. For MAINBRACE was above all a dramatic foretaste of how American and British carrier-based air power could be employed to support Denmark and Norway, hold the exits of the Baltic Sea, and thwart any Soviet move to seize these countries as the Germans did in 1940.

No peacetime military exercise can simulate the conditions of actual war. Nor should that be attempted. The first object is to give all ships, aircraft, and personnel the maximum of practice in a brief time, and so develop the coordination of communications, signals, and tactics—and to do so without taking risks that would bring undue operational losses. MAINBRACE assumed the invasion of Denmark from the south and of Norway from the north by Orange forces—by the two obvious routes of any Russian attack. Blue forces were assumed to lack the strength to hold at either end of Scandinavia, so NATO's Commander in northern Europe (Admiral Sir Patrick Brind) called on his superior, SACEUR (General Ridgway, at Paris) and through him on SACLANT (Admiral Lynde McCormick, USN, at Norfolk) for support.

Response to the Cry

MAINBRACE was the product of this cry for help. Without robbing its Mediterranean fleet, which presumably would be fully occupied in these conditions, the United States provided four fast carriers, including two of the king-size *Midway* class, and two escort carriers, along with the battleship *Wisconsin,* a fleet submarine, and many support ships. The United Kingdom contributed three fast carriers and Canada one. Cruisers, destroyers, submarines, attack transports, mine and landing craft, and shore-based aircraft were assigned to NATO for maneuvers by those three nations, plus France, the Netherlands, Belgium, Norway, Denmark, and New Zealand.

The resulting combined fleet was under British over-all command, but at sea was under Admiral Felix Stump, USN. It was a balanced air-sea and amphibious force. Its main components were the carrier striking force, built around six fast carriers; an amphibious force of transports, landing craft, and screen; a carrier support force of three smaller carriers and screen; a hunter-killer (anti-submarine) force of one escort carrier and screen; a logistic support force of oilers, and ammunition and stores ships; and a screen of destroyers and escorts.

The two-week exercise included many problems: harbor defense at Bergen, recurring submarine attacks (by British and Norwegian subs assigned to Orange forces) all the way from the Firth of Clyde to the Arctic, and daily, or more often nightly, air attacks and interceptions. There also were searches for an Orange surface raider, a role played by Canada's elusive cruiser *Quebec,* out of Narvik; a convoy problem in the North Sea; and repulse of an amphibious attack on Bornholm, Denmark's vulnerable island well inside the Baltic. The three big enterprises, however, were air strikes into northern Norway from the fast carrier force, just above the Arctic Circle; an unopposed amphibious landing of Marines at the northern point of Jutland; and more air strikes from the fast carriers into southern Denmark and northernmost Germany, where Orange ground forces were assumed to be crossing the Kiel Canal, Denmark-bound.

The Sky Forces

The air strikes had top billing. This was proper, for they tapped the main offensive power of the NATO fleet. This lay in the carrier striking force, the outfit best able to assure the Danes and Norwegians of rapid, effective help, and the outfit in which Soviet war plans officers could see the major threat to whatever schemes they are brewing.

This force, commanded by Rear Admiral Austin K. Doyle, USN, was made up of two task groups. One of these was wholly American, built around the *Midway,* the *Franklin D. Roosevelt,* and the *Wasp,* with the *Wisconsin* and the cruisers *Des Moines* and *Columbus* in support, and screened by twenty-four destroyers. It was under the tactical command of Rear Admiral Thomas H. Robbins, Jr., USN, a precise war-plans man. The other group, under Rear Admiral John Hughes-Hallet, RN, was predominantly British but a real NATO cross section with the American light carrier *Wright,* the British carriers *Eagle* and *Illustrious,* the British battleship *Vanguard,* two British cruisers, and an extensive screen

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of British, American, Norwegian, and Dutch destroyers.

Such a force strikes with its aircraft —more than four hundred of them on the six carriers. There are jet fighters, for speed, swift climb, and interception of enemy aircraft. There are propeller fighters, with greater endurance and especially valuable for close support of ground troops. And for dive-bombing missions and the like, there are attack planes, mostly the Skyraider, which carries up to three tons of bombs and rockets, or even 3.5 tons at shorter ranges. Adverse weather took the sharp edge off the show of force these carrier aircraft were scheduled to make. They got in a half day of (simulated) strikes in the Bodö-Narvik area on the rim of the Arctic, where two full days had been planned. In southern Denmark, they got in one full day—confirmation of a fact that needs to be steadily remembered in future: that air-sea operations on the northern flank of Europe, at any season, will be slowed and diluted by overcast skies.

Visibility Poor

Nobody actually *sees* much of what happens in an air-sea exercise such as MAINBRACE. The ships are deployed over a five-hundred-mile stretch of water. Even the other task group in the fast carrier force is often beyond the horizon. Aircraft maintain combat patrol over the task force on a perimeter many miles out, for defense against hostile planes. And they fly their offensive missions over Norway and Denmark from flattops steaming 100 or 150 miles offshore. Even one's own destroyer screen is about five miles off, a circle of bobbing specks on a gray-green sea flecked with whitecaps. And except when fueling, the nearest ship is likely to be a mile away. For defense against atomic attack, dispersion of ships would be even greater.

In short, this NATO fleet had to be visualized, not seen. My observation point was the flag bridge of the *Midway,* flagship of the carrier striking force. It was probably the best box seat to be had because there one could witness the flight operations of a topnotch air group on a topnotch carrier and because a steady flow of visual, voice, and Morse messages came through to us from all the elements of the fleet and all participating shore stations. Piecing them all together, one gets some sense of the underlying purposes of myriad ship and plane movements scattered seemingly at random over 100,000 square miles of restless sea and Scandinavian shore.

For the aviators, the youthful, disciplined aristocrats of the carrier force, MAINBRACE was undeniably a disappointment. It held two or three days of real flying, out of two weeks. But they learned something about the fiord country of western Norway and the curiously flat topography of Denmark. They found Danish fighter pilots coming up to meet them in American Thunderjets and British Meteors, and found them to be exceedingly skillful and astute at interception. They learned how to work with a Joint Operations Center on the beach, how to get their targets by voice radio from Danish and Norwegian army-air force teams at front-line positions on the ground. These men spoke with heavy accents, but clearly and correctly. Our pilots understood them easily. It does no harm to have five hundred American and British naval fliers learn something of the geography of northern Europe and the caliber of their Allies there, for this region could be just as important in 1953 or 1954 as it was in the heartbreaking spring of 1940.

For the rank-and-file crews aboard these NATO ships, MAINBRACE was hard

work, cold work, and nearly incessant work. Gun crews were called to stations many times each day and night as Orange aircraft (mostly from the British Isles) came out for mock attacks on the task force. Flight-deck crews of the carriers took the worst beating of all. They were at stations in all weather, as long as planes were being launched or recovered or were airborne. And in addition, all aircraft remaining on the flight deck had to be spotted forward for recovering airborne planes, and then all spotted aft for launching. Handling ten-ton planes on a rolling, pitching deck of slippery steel armor in nasty weather and in the darkness is not a gentle pastime—no more so, I suspect, than clambering up the rigging to unfurl canvas, back in the days of sail.

For the upper-echelon brass and braid of NATO, MAINBRACE was a test of communications, of uniform tactics, of the ability of men from many navies speaking various languages to work as a combat team. And it was also a test of the command organization of NATO itself—a geometrically beautiful organization on paper, which in MAINBRACE got its first real trial since Anglo-American jealousies were erased (or glossed over) and a Supreme Allied Commander, Atlantic (SACLANT), finally was designated. How the command organization of SACLANT-SACEUR really worked in their first joint enterprise I could tell neither from my place on the *Midway* nor from the post-mortem conducted in Oslo. But if it had been badly fouled up, I think I would have heard.

For the peoples of Norway and Denmark, who either saw or read or heard about the air-sea armada off their shores, MAINBRACE was what its name implies—a sturdy support. They know all too well how swiftly they succumbed to Nazi attack in 1940. They know their own strength now is trifling against the infantry and armor and support aircraft of the Soviet Union. They needed, and now have, the tangible evidence that the outbreak of war would not leave them naked while industrial western Europe, to their south, was buttressed with every ounce of firepower available to the NATO coalition. Some, of course, still have their doubts as to whether any such air-sea force would be there in fact when the test came. But these maneuvers were reported with extraordinary thoroughness in the Scandinavian press. That has helped to make the formal assurances of the North Atlantic Treaty vivid in Scandinavian minds.

For neutral Sweden, Exercise MAINBRACE had more importance than greets the quick-skimming eye. Sweden is a well-armed, self-reliant neutral, drawn to the West by moral conviction and

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ideology, but cajoled by sheer geography into a middle way in foreign policy. It will be easier for the level-headed Swedes to align with the West in a future showdown, now that they have seen how much striking power can be thrust into Scandinavia on short notice by the senior members of the NATO family. For it is a fact of geography that the defense of Norway and Denmark is also the defense of Sweden. Without the mobile, sea-based air power of the West, Sweden might well be destined for a satellite's role in any future conflict. With it, the Swedes have a more honorable prospect.

What the Kremlin Saw

For the Russians? Here one must rely on constructive imagination, since the abusive comments of Radio Moscow (trigger-happy American pilots over Denmark, trying to start a war) are not an honest mirror of the Kremlin's reaction to MAINBRACE. Therefore, I merely set down seriatim a few indisputable facts emerging from this air-sea exercise or related to it—facts I should imagine to be earning the thoughtful attention of Soviet military planners.

Item: Without borrowing from their Mediterranean forces, needed for the support of Turkey, Greece, and Yugoslavia, and while waging a sizable war in Korea, America and Britain put ten aircraft carriers into Danish-Norwegian waters, with approximately 650 aircraft. They could have sent more.

Item: These aircraft include fighters that match land-based planes, and attack bombers that carry more tonnage of bombs than Flying Fortresses and carry them faster. These aircraft penetrated only a few miles into Scandinavia in MAINBRACE, but could have reached inland three hundred miles.

Item: This NATO fleet could screen with safety an amphibious force of whatever size, brought into Denmark to back up the British-Canadian line in north Germany, or into Norway to head off a Russian end run around neutral Sweden.

Item: This air-sea force was better protected against hostile submarines and aircraft than any previous carrier force—by improved radar gear and revised tactics, by newly fashioned hunter-killer teams, by the Navy's land-based weather planes, packed full of radar of great range and reliability.

Item: Such a carrier force can establish local air superiority on any coast, from a mobile base that is hard to locate and harder still to penetrate.

Item: Liaison between carrier-based aircraft and Danish-Norwegian ground forces, while imperfect, was already good enough in MAINBRACE, the first test, to ensure that the full impact of four hundred planes would reach an invading force and its rear-area communication lines.

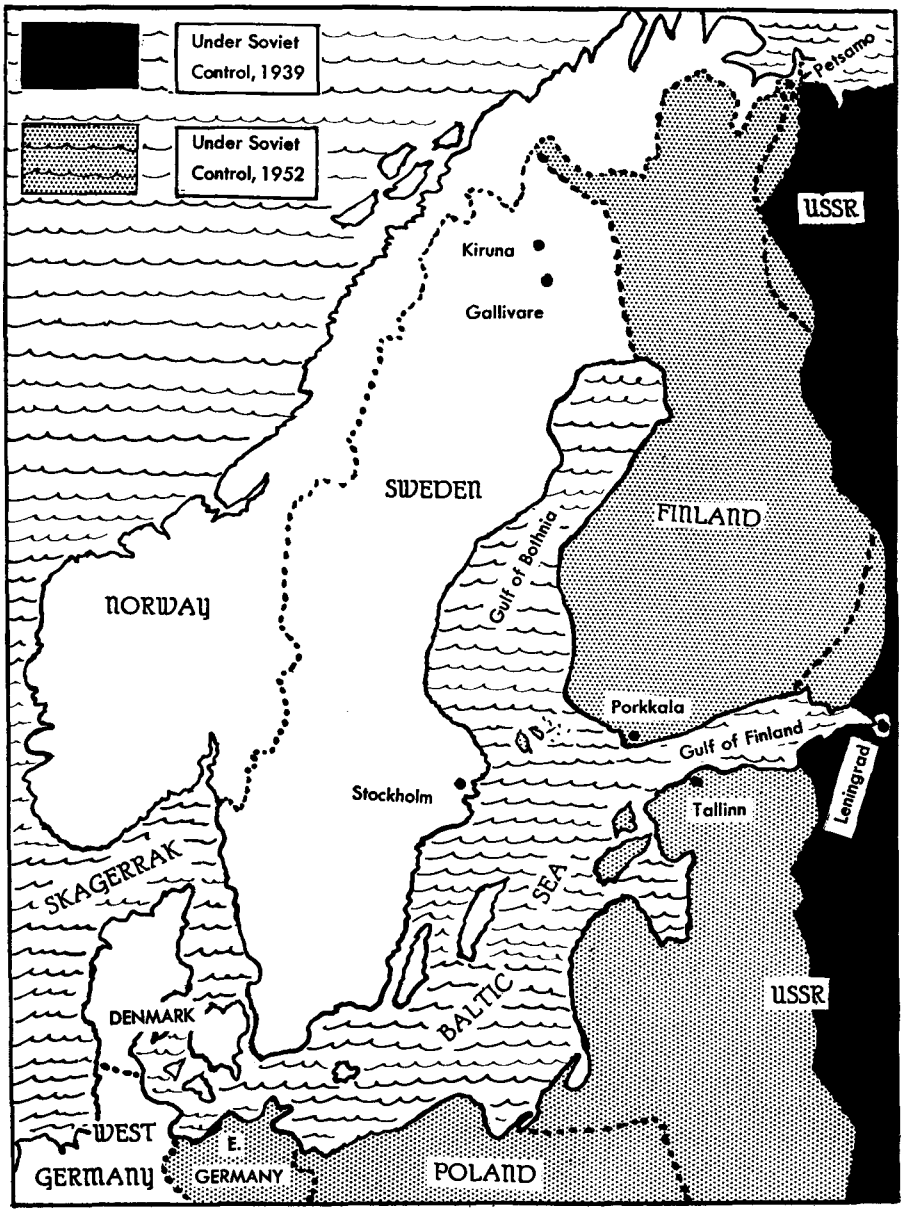
Item: American, British, Dutch, and Norwegian ships were not merely cooperating in a common strategic aim. They were deployed in the same tactical formations, using the same signals and tactical doctrines. And it worked.

Item: Larger carriers can handle the AJ (Savage), with two propeller engines and one jet, a massive bombload, and range enough to reach into the most remote corners of the Gulf of Finland—to Leningrad. This aircraft can carry the atom bomb.

Item: Any of the biggest American carriers can launch the P2V (Neptune), which can carry the atom bomb a long way—from off Narvik to a target in central Siberia, say—and then fly back to a secure base like Cyprus.

Item: With the smaller atom bomb now available, every fighter or bomber aircraft based on an American carrier is now capable of delivering atomic destruction.

Item: The U.S. Navy has approximately fifty-five more flattops in mothballs. The mothballs are readily removable.



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What's Wrong With the French Moral Fiber?

MADELEINE CHAPSAL

WE FRENCH have become a very sensitive people—particularly about what is said of us by Americans in high places. General Ridgway could make it clear, a few days ago, that what he had said about Frenchmen's willingness to work had been grossly misinterpreted. His immediate predecessor at SHAPE did not have the same luck, however. So what Ike said about us in the course of his campaign—that we had "gone astray" since becoming "fifty per cent agnostic or atheistic," and that our "moral fiber has disintegrated"—still rankles.

I, for one, accept the charge of agnosticism. It is true that France, "eldest daughter" of the Church, is less and less a religious nation.

Yet there are facts that seem to contradict this view. The season's best-seller, *The Saints Go Down into Hell,* in which Gilbert Cesbron narrates the tribulations of a worker-priest, is a book of religious inspiration. Two very popular movies, "The Diary of a Country Priest," from Georges Bernanos' great novel, and "Monsieur Vincent," the story of St. Vincent de Paul's devotion to the poor, are religious films.

In the realm of politics, the Catholic Robert Schuman is Foreign Minister; the Catholic Popular Republicans draw more votes than do the Radical Socialists, a traditional rallying ground for free-enterprising freethinkers. But Eisenhower is not wrong. Religion plays no major role in France today.

France's faith cannot be considered living or deep, because France is tolerant. The Middle Ages and the Communists have demonstrated that there can be no living faith without intolerance. But French Catholics, Protestants, and Jews leave their religions behind when they go to their offices or their factories or to political meetings. Even within the family, the husband, the wife, and the children believe or do not believe, and there is no compulsion.

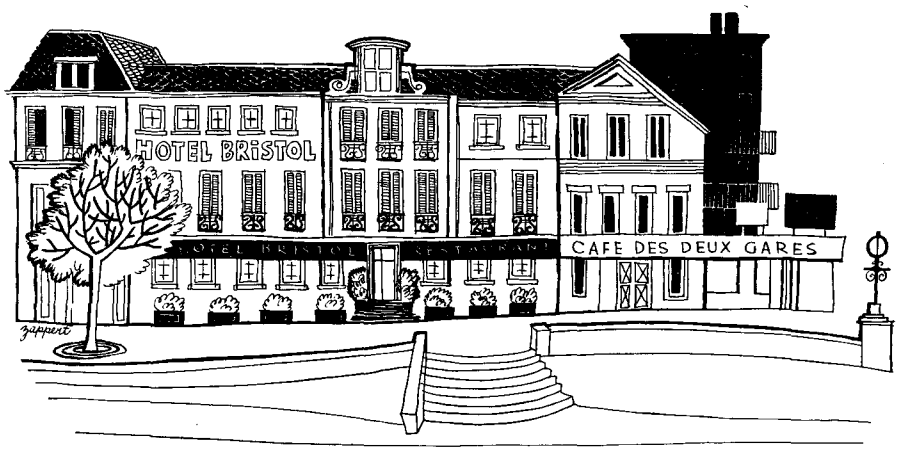
Where General Eisenhower was wrong he was very wrong indeed, and that was in thinking that this lack of religious fervor automatically weakens the "moral fiber." The Frenchman may not be a religious animal, but he is a moral animal. Above all, he is a thinking animal.

Intolerance vs. Intellect

The French place intelligence above all qualities. When François Mauriac, a Catholic, argues with Jean-Paul Sartre, a freethinker, he does not say: "What you write is immoral," but "What you argue is stupid." In the same way anti-Communists blame Communists less for the evil they do than for letting themselves be hoodwinked by Stalin. The rare Communist who is willing to argue at all blames his opponent for criminal incomprehension of history, stupidity in not submitting to its inexorable laws. Unhappily, this insistence on intelligence results in a certain indecision: Must one attack men for what they do, or for what they think they are doing—that is to say, for their motives? In their uncertainty the French are coming to judge all acts by their success or failure. It is the French and not the Americans who are now the true pragmatists.

What do the French mean by success? The answer is obvious: Anything is successful that leads to a measure of happiness. But the Frenchman is well aware that one endangers his happiness whenever he goes to extremes. That is why he favors a certain degree of social legislation but hastily returns the moderates to power as soon as he begins to feel imprisoned by too many laws.

He likes plumbing, but not a house



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built around a bathtub. He would like luxuries but not if he had to work so hard that no time was left to enjoy them. That is why every mid-August, no matter what international crisis may be at hand, France provides the world with the spectacle of an entire nation going on a long holiday.

A Full-Time Job

The same foreigners, however, who congratulate France on having created an intellectual climate favorable to an astonishing flowering of writers, painters, and poets, and to France's general well-being, now ask the French to proceed along new paths on which the nation's peculiar qualities must inevitably be jettisoned. The world tells France that France must fight to defend that happiness to which it is so attached. The fact is, however, that one can take up arms in defense of life, honor, a faith, or liberty, but not of happiness. Happiness is an enterprise that demands exclusive attention. It collapses the minute one takes one's eye off it.

It must be admitted that this famous French way of life is mostly a memory. The French have been forced to the conclusion that intellect alone cannot provide an automatic solution for all problems. The intellect is only a tool. It led some Frenchmen to collaborate with the Germans, and others to fight them; it produced Marxists, neutralists, conservatives, revolutionaries. When the intellect can be made to serve such contradictory positions, the temptation to fall back on unreasoning faith is strong. Yet the French people will not readily abandon their tradition of free criticism and independent judgment. Whether a Stalinist or a supporter of the Atlantic pact, the Frenchman is temperamentally unable to submit to authoritarian régimes. Hitler could not silence him; neither de Gaulle nor Jacques Duclos can provide a system he will accept uncritically.

The French have recently enjoyed "The Little World of Don Camillo," a film in which an Italian priest combats the village mayor—a Communist. Theoretically, of course, the two men present irreconcilable opposites. Yet they manage by hook and crook—and especially by an awareness of each other's humanity—to serve the interests of God and Moscow respectively and still keep the village from falling apart. This is not a bad instance of how the French feel things should be managed. What they admire is the individual who realistically and intelligently manages to evade the tyranny of absolutes.

The realism and intelligence which made the French people so vigorous no longer, unfortunately, serve them in present circumstances. This is the problem the French have to face—and the problem France's allies should worry about, for it concerns them too. France produced a majority of the concepts on which the western world bases its culture; it initiated revolutionary changes; it has faced most of the questions that arise in the human spirit. This is the nation that realizes its qualities are no longer those which the modern world requires.

It is just possible that it is not the French who are failing but the modern world—and that a certain type of free man, acting only upon his own individual free choice, can no longer survive.

Possibly the day may come when France will adapt itself completely to the claims of a mechanical age, of collectivist societies where opposites cannot coexist. It is not at all certain that this will be a day for rejoicing. Meanwhile, so long as the Frenchman preserves his freedom to believe or not believe in God, to find his own solutions according to his individual judgment, he will remain the kind of human being Americans have always considered their closest kin.

If Not Pogo, Who?

Illustrations from *I Go Pogo*

ERIC LARRABEE

I Go Pogo, by Walt Kelly. *Simon and Schuster. $1.*

THERE MUST, of course, be some rational explanation for all this. I speak as a Pogo fancier, a group that once had every reason to think of itself as a safe minority. We never suspected we were numerous enough to support a book, let alone two books, in which it appears we were doubly wrong.

The first—entitled simply *Pogo*—dazzled its admirers, surely its author, and very probably its publisher by selling over two hundred thousand copies. Now there is a second. It appears in an overtly political context, accompanied by "I Go Pogo" buttons to the number of another hundred thousand, and on the campuses of the country's colleges the Presidential candidacy of Pogo himself has received enthusiastic support. In Cambridge, Massachusetts, a Pogo rally stimulated the local police into a demonstration of gratuitous brutality and landed twenty-eight Harvard students in court. In Schenectady—choosing another example at random—more than three hundred undergraduates of Union College marched through the streets carrying torches, chanting "I go Pogo," and holding up traffic for a quarter of a mile.

Possum's Progress

Who or what, and why, is Pogo? Strictly speaking, he is a possum, an animal of insouciance and gentle demeanor, the creation of cartoonist Walt Kelly. Beyond that he is a portent in the

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world, for many otherwise perceptive people do not "understand" Pogo—that is, they don't see what all the fuss is about. The extraordinary fact is that, despite his popularity, Pogo requires a fairly special taste.

Perhaps Pogo supporters constitute an example of what Professor David Riesman of the University of Chicago has called the "class-mass"—the minority so large and vigorous that it takes on massive qualities. Faced with Pogo and the highly intellectualized humor he represents, we are able to deny only with increasing difficulty that the intellect today enjoys a widening market. The thousands who will pay for a Pogo book, or for any of the three hundred papers in which he appears, are one of the many masses that make up a masslike culture; and the fact that they are somewhat peculiar people does not sufficiently differentiate them from the other masses.

Okefenokee Faulkner

The comic strip is normally considered a popular art form, scaled to a lowly common denominator. Hence the appearance of a comic strip like Pogo, which indulges in subtleties of which a college education alone cannot guarantee comprehension, is a puzzle.

Traditionally there have been a few strip cartoonists who were blessed with both highbrow endorsement and wide circulation—like Herriman of Krazy Kat and Francis Dahl of Boston—but in Kelly's case the audience would seem to be more sophisticated than it has ever been before. Pogo started in the New York *Star*, inheriting a specialized group of readers that could have roughly been differentiated by their liking of Crockett Johnson's Barnaby in the forerunner paper called *PM*. Mostly New Yorkers, you would have thought: literate, liberal, and lackadaisical to a man. But not so, apparently. It is not merely that Pogo is political—in the way that Li'l Abner, for instance, takes advantage of conventional political antagonisms—for he is also literary, filled with references to current letters, foreign languages, and obscure jokes.

The world of Pogo is the Okefenokee Swamp, pastoral version. Appropriately it is a Southern landscape, one of dripping tree moss and mannered conversation, in which the most favored activity is unsuccessful fishing from the bank of languid streams. It is a stable society in which nothing much ever happens but where individuals may enjoy developed relationships with one another, the world of many Southern novelists. The same freedom to compose fantasies out of real experience that liberates the Southerner from the imaginative restraint of his Northern contemporaries also liberates Kelly, to the extent that Russell Lynes has justly called him "the Faulkner of the Animal World." Kelly, like Faulkner, luxuriates in language, but in a dialect that is not really Southern and not really anything—an artificial slang American, much like G.I. talk in nature, built up of Negro and Jewish intonations, cultivated archaisms, and words simply torn from their moorings and set afloat in a torrent of sound. "Bickering and branglings!" shouts one animal. "Rebellicosely pettifogging! Garbagin' umbrage!"

Kelly is an accomplished craftsman, a master of the four-panel unit. His sense of dramatic composition is acute and he does not waste his readers' time, as the vast majority of comic-strip artists do, by prolonging an incident beyond its natural limits. He economizes neither on characters nor situations of potential humor; Kelly dispenses in a year a rich harvest of material that would last some of his competitors a lifetime. His cast of animals is unusually large and, what is more unusual, they stand apart vividly from one another as consistent individuals. To Kelly's constant readers some of them are more real than people.

Welfare State of Nature

For this and other reasons, we are persuaded of an intimate bond between Kelly's fantasy and current actuality, though the bond is far from secure and frequently threatens to dissolve. Within a decade many of the jokes will be incomprehensible, and even now they make little sense as either pure fantasy or pure contemporary comment. The satisfaction comes from cross-referencing, from the tension between the two; for although the world of Pogo is aggressively imaginary and uneventful, its implied context lies in the daily events of its readers' world.

The swamp is inhabited by a group of diverse fauna who nonetheless possess an up-to-date familiarity with yesterday's newspaper. They are aware of everything and indifferent to most of it. Their wants are few and are automatically satisfied: The larders are always stocked, sandwiches (or "sangwiches") appear from nowhere, and Albert the alligator never lacks for seven-a-penny cigars. Pogo and his

"The distillation of the spirit of one of our wisest and best Americans."*

ALVIN JOHNSON

Frontier farmer, scholar and journalist, soldier, reformer, founder of the New School and the University in Exile.

"Read it, just read it and be thankful for it....These published memoirs allow an even wider audience to listen, to laugh, to observe, to admire, to meditate with him."

*—DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

PIONEER'S PROGRESS

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companions live in a welfare state of nature and they propose to make the best of it. Whether in this they resemble their readers one can only speculate.

And not that Pogo's world is inactive, either. The swamp is constantly alive with controversy that is about to get out of hand, crisis on top of crisis. There are of course villains—Wiley Catt and the vulture Sarcophagus Macabre, or the Communist cowbirds—and the forces of contented bigotry are represented (as by Deacon Mushrat and Miz Beaver), yet these occupy the background only. Before them parade a dozen or so of the major actors—and what actors they are! The swamp, free of mundane worries, is a playground of individuality indulged in to the edge of disaster (though it never arrives). Albert the alligator, the turtle ("turkle") Churchy La Femme, Howland Owl, man's best friend Beauregard Bugleboy the hound, Mr. Tammanany the tiger, the ursine impresario P. T. Bridgeport—all suffer from the compulsion to *do* something. They are forever organizing outings, ineffectually attempting to help somebody, proposing ways of making money no one needs, engaging in pointless contests, and accusing one another of heinous crimes. Their most characteristic situation is for all to become deeply involved in a project of which the original purpose has been forgotten.

Yet crisis passes, not only because the social order of the swamp has organized against it but because here it is the nature of crisis not to last. In Pogo's world, organized effort is likely to be incompetent. Pogo stands apart from the others because he alone knows that organized effort is also unnecessary. He stands aloof until the last moment, when his intervention has little effect other than to symbolize the return of normality and common sense. "I tole Albert an' I tole him," Pogo will say, "'Don't go shoot the tiger jes' 'cause you 'spect he et the rackety-coon chile.' That's what I tole him."

I UNDERSTAND YOU BATS FIGGER TURTLE'S NOT SUCH A BAD FELLA.....EVEN THOUGH HE BOOTLEGS MAIL!
WELL, IF IT ISN'T CHUCKLES!
LET ME READ YOU MEMBERS OF THE VIGILANTE COMMITTEE SOMETHING HE WROTE: "The Keen and the Quing Were quirling at Quoits In the meadow behind of the mere.....
"Tho' mainly the meadow was middled with mow-- An heretical hitherto here!" THERE! DON'T THAT SOUND SNEAKY?
WELL, WE DON'T UNDERSTAND IT.
EXACTLY! IT'S THESE THINGS WE DON'T UNDERSTAND THAT ARE DANGEROUS!
GLAD YOU WARNED US-- I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU EITHER...
BY THE SAME TOKEN, I'M GOIN' OUT AN' SHOOT MY OLD GEOMETRY TEACHER

A Challenge

Counseling inaction, Pogo has been right all along. His strength resides in the freedom from illusions, most often from the illusion that he must deal with issues in the terms in which they are presented to him. Pogo was fittingly a reluctant candidate, and unmarried. It is possible to overdo the parallel, since in recent weeks he has abandoned the role of Adlai Stevenson for that of Little Orphan Annie—a switch that temporarily neutralizes interpretation.

What more than this the reader makes of Pogo is his own affair. No one is under obligation to cultivate affection for Mr. Kelly's possum where none exists, or to read trends into his prominence where none is justified. Any attempt to generalize about his appeal, let alone whom he appeals to, is bound to be an act of private zeal. Nonetheless it is no accident that Pogo arrives on the scene at this moment in history.

You cannot imagine Pogo appearing in the 1930's. He is specific to the present, a time in which issues are less annoying than the way they are distorted and in which a refusal like Pogo's to agitate oneself over given problems in their given terms has a sympathetic, if not heroic, quality.

Inaction is not yet a virtue, but we have surely reached the point where the truly "active" position on most issues is not to support either side but to challenge the terms of discussion. This is Pogo's position in his world, and though it may seem funny, where is there a better one? If not Pogo, who?

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912 AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946.
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MAX ASCOLI, Editor and Publisher
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 5th day of September, 1952.
[SEAL] Chas. J. Walsh, Notary Public.
(My commission expires March 30, 1954)

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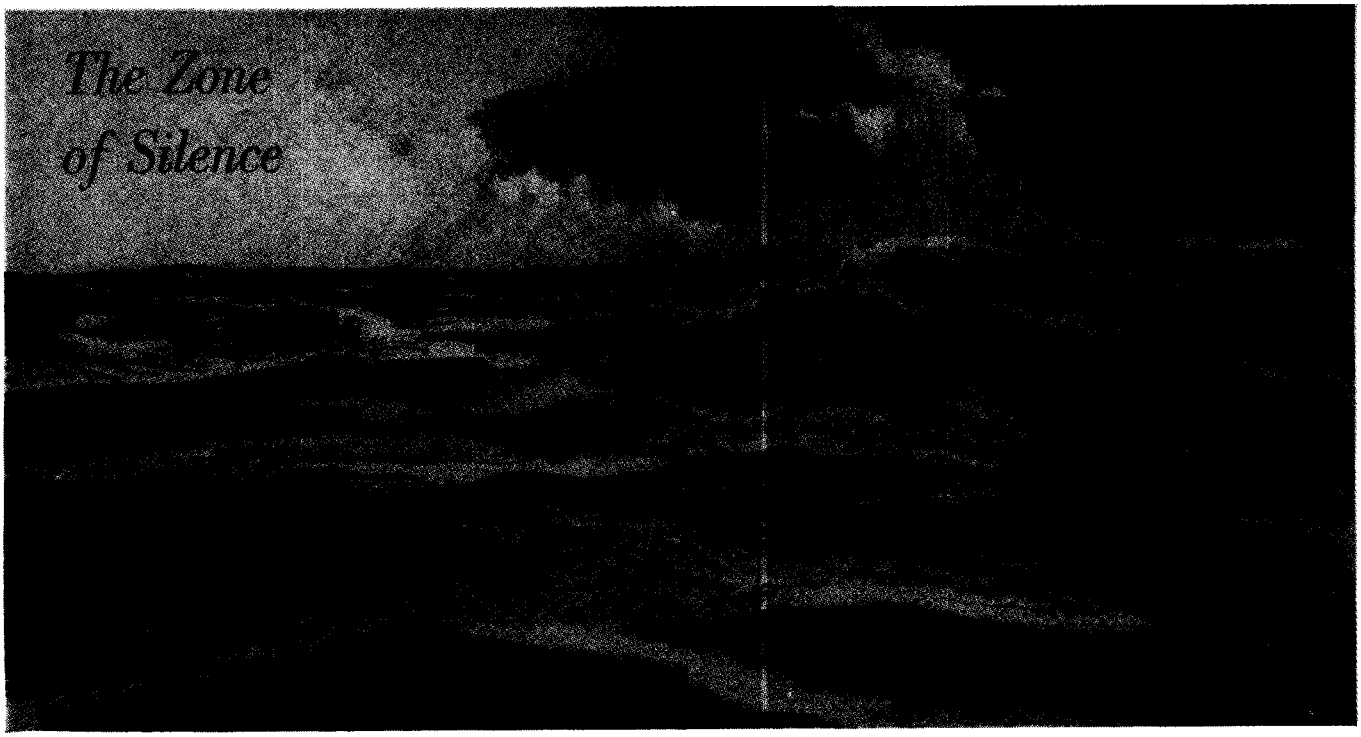

IN THE PACIFIC off Vancouver Island, there is a stretch of water known as "The Zone of Silence." Because this area is acoustically dead, no sound can penetrate it. And since no siren or bell warns ships of dangerous reefs, the ocean floor is studded with wrecks.

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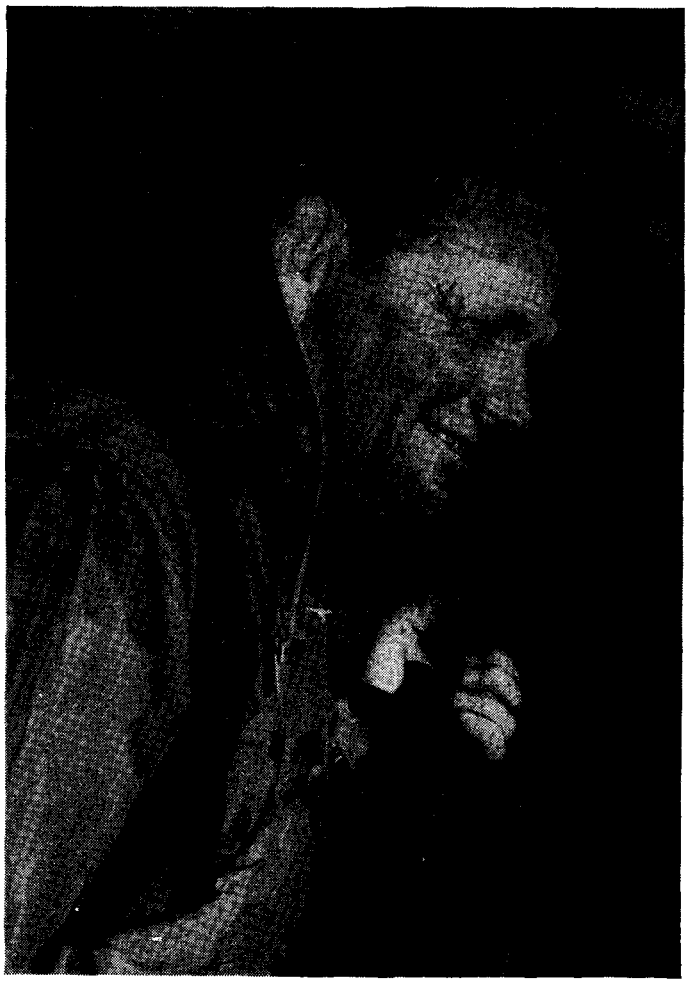
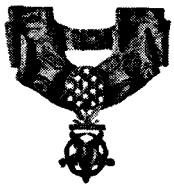


M/Sgt. Hubert L. Lee, USA Medal of Honor



FOUR TIMES Sergeant Lee's platoon had taken, then lost, the hill near Ip-o-ri. On the fifth try, the sergeant, though hurt, was leading. A Red grenade hit him, seriously wounding both legs. Refusing assistance, he advanced by crawling, rising to his knees to fire. He caught a rifle bullet in the back. Still he wouldn't be stopped. Finally, with 12 survivors of his platoon, he took the hill, then let the stretcher-bearers carry him away. Today Sergeant Hubert Lee says:

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